

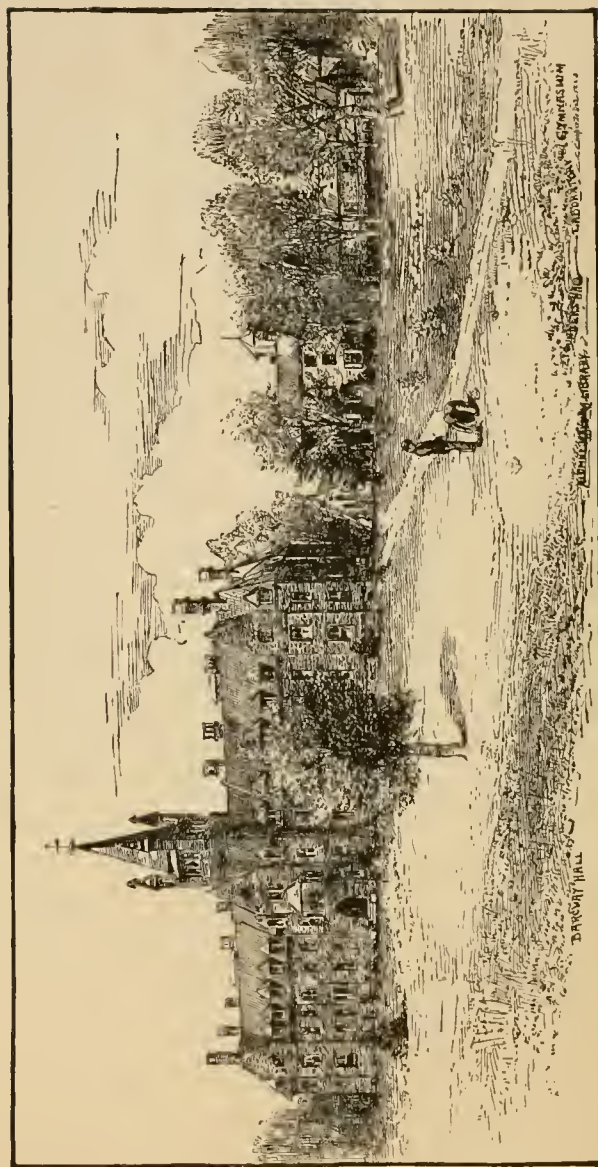
SEMI-CENTENNIAL

CELEBRATIONS AT

HAVERFORD COLLEGE,

1883—1884.






EXERCISES
AT THE
SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF THE FOUNDATION OF HAVERFORD SCHOOL IN 1833,
AT
HAVERFORD COLLEGE,
TENTH MONTH 27, 1883,
WITH THE ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI,
TENTH MONTH 4, 1884,
AND
THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL COLLEGIAN
OF THE
LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA :
PRINTED FOR THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.
1885.

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SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

THE PREPARATION.

The project to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Haverford School had been a topic of interested discussion among former students for some time prior to the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, in 1881, at which time the matter took definite shape by the appointment of a committee of ten to consider the subject and report to the next annual meeting. This Committee then presented a report, containing a programme, which was adopted, although slightly modified afterward, and the Committee was continued to carry it out, in conjunction with the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association. The joint Committee had several meetings, and at an early one the Chairman, Charles Roberts, appointed the following Sub-Committees:

ON INVITATIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Joseph Parrish, Chairman.

President Thomas Chase,	Edward C. Sampson,
Isaac F. Wood,	George Wood,
Dr. James Carey Thomas,	Edward Bettle, Jr.,
Henry T. Coates.	

WAYS AND MEANS.

Howard Comfort,	Theodore Starr,
Walter Wood,	Theodore H. Morris.

PROGRAMME AT HAVERFORD, INCLUDING POEM AND OTHER LITERARY MATTER.

Professor Allen C. Thomas,	Professor Pliny E. Chase,
Edward P. Allinson.	

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Howard Comfort,	William H. Haines,
Henry Cope.	

REFRESHMENTS AT HAVERFORD.

Henry Bettle,	Philip C. Garrett,
Roberts Vaux,	Edward P. Allinson,
Joshua W. Lippincott,	Joseph Parrish,
Edward Starr,	Benjamin H. Lowry,
Professor Allen C. Thomas,	Horace G. Lippincott,
Howard M. Cooper.	

To three members of the Committee on Invitations and Advertisements was referred the necessary and arduous task of making up a complete list of all former students, with their present address, if living, and to note such as were deceased. This preliminary work was accomplished, after a great deal of effort, with the aid of interested friends in various parts of the country, old Haverfordians, and others. The success of their labors is seen in the list,* since published, which contains nine hundred and ninety-five names; of these two hundred and twenty-two are deceased. The small number concerning whom no information was obtained shows the care and success with which the work was done.

The Committee on Ways and Means were also eminently successful in quietly raising the sum needed for the undertaking. The money came from willing givers, and among other indications of the interest felt in the event this ready liberality was especially noticeable.

The Committee on the Programme at Haverford, etc., attended to their duties in a manner that gave entire satisfaction. The Committee on Athletic Sports achieved a phenomenal success. Their printed programme, which we believe is destined to become one of the curiosities of literature, at any rate of Haverfordiana, we print in the appendix.

It may be added that such was the good feeling prevailing that even those invited to participate in cricket as "incompetents," did not resent the imputation, but played the noble game

* This list, published under date of Third month 1st, 1884, contains also the names and addresses of eighty-one students on the College Rolls Tenth month 27th, 1883. Total number of names on the list, one thousand and seventy-six.

with what spirit they could. It is only justice to state that their heroic, and as appeared next day, self-sacrificing efforts were witnessed with marked approval by many spectators. The fact that eight of the ten living members of the first eleven of the Dorian Cricket Club were present and participated in the game speaks well for the healthfulness of cricket and the love of cricketers for their Alma Mater.

The Committee on Refreshments at Haverford also deserve the commendation of their fellow-members. From the selection of the caterer, down through all the details of their work, including their careful attention to the wants of all guests, everything was well done and successful. It was the universal testimony that all the arrangements of the Committee were admirable, and the mid-day luncheon and the supper in the evening gave entire satisfaction.

In this connection the thanks of the Alumni are due to the College officials, not forgetting the Matron, for the help afforded by them.

Having thus briefly recounted the preparation for the day, we undertake now some description of the celebration.

THE DAY.

The day broke with reticent promise, overclouded, but with small sign of rain. While there were no showers there was no garish sunlight, but a Quaker sobriety and sedateness about the weather appropriate to the occasion, and it is only fair to add, to the season. The early trains brought to the College grounds members of the Alumni Committee, specially charged with the initial steps for the comfort and convenience of the guests. A "headquarters" was established in Barclay Hall, and arrangements made for the receipt by each visitor on arrival of the printed programme of the day's events—which it may be said here was followed to the letter, with a cheerful spontaneity far removed from any mere formal observance. Succeeding trains brought their tale of guests, ex-students, their wives and chil-

dren, and those invited either as neighbors and friends of the College or as connected with sister institutions, until, as is estimated, more than twelve hundred were strolling about the grounds, inspecting the buildings, or taking part actively or passively in the various exercises, athletic, intellectual, or gustatory. Early in the day two wickets were pitched, one for the use of those most disrespectfully described in the programme as "incompetents," the other for proficient students, and such ex-students as had "kept up" their cricket; and until dusk with but little cessation the games went on, the "incompetents" speedily abandoning the rule that they should be fed with underhand bowling only, and bravely facing the powerful (if not inevitably accurate) artillery of the "round arm." Games of lawn-tennis and a base-ball match went on simultaneously during the morning hours. Just before noon a flag presented to the students by ladies of Philadelphia and Baltimore, gorgeous in scarlet and black, and inscribed "Haverford," was raised on the flag-staff on the cricket ground, replacing the old Dorian standard. At one o'clock the well-remembered bell gave the signal for luncheon, which was served by Andrew F. Stevens, eaterer, and made substantial provision for the later occupations of the day. The whole of the first floor of Founders' Hall was devoted to this agreeable interlude. After luncheon as many persons as could be hurriedly summoned, several hundred in number, formed a group at the front of Barclay Hall, and a remarkably successful photograph was the result. At half-past two an exhibition game of Rugby foot-ball was played—the contestants being undergraduates—to the great satisfaction of hundreds of on-lookers. At half-past three the Alumni exercises (elsewhere described) were had before an overflowing audience in Alumni Hall. At dusk supper was served in Founders' Hall, and after long discussion thereof, amply warranted by its merits, the participants gathered on the terrace in front of the old building illuminated by the electric lights distributed over the campus, and an informal meeting was held presided over by Dr. Hartshorne, President of the Alumni Association, at which several letters of regret were read, followed by addresses from many invited guests, members of the Association,

and ex-students and undergraduates of the College. (A synopsis of their remarks appears elsewhere.) The dawning of the day of rest was perilously near when the last guest departed.

In five, the celebration was a perfect success. Though the sun shone but fitfully, there were bright faces shining with a kindlier human light. Friends, some of whom had not looked upon each other for well-nigh half a century, clasped hands again—groups of contemporaries dotted the lawns, each man vying with the other in fond recallings; children sought the ancient haunts of their fathers, and the old rooms rang with their laughter. But the occasion was not without a deeper significance. Haverford men who had known their College only in the day of small things, saw with amazement how in fifty years under cautious, conservative, and wise management she had grown in every department, material and intellectual, into the vigor and presence of a strong and healthy adolescence, and left her beautiful lawns with a renewed affection for and pride in their *Alma Mater*,—a revived memory for her Past, a more assured hope for her Future.

EXERCISES IN ALUMNI HALL.

At half-past three in the afternoon Alumni Hall was crowded to its utmost, and a number of visitors were still without its doors. After a few moments of impressive silence, and vocal thanksgiving and prayer offered by Dr. James Carey Thomas, the President of the Alumni Association, Dr. Henry Hartshorne, opened the meeting. Then followed

PRESIDENT CHASE'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

I count myself very happy that the most delightful duty has been assigned me of welcoming you all to this great festival; a privilege for which I am doubtless indebted to my official position, and the fact that I have been connected with Haverford College for a longer time than any other person who lived on these grounds was ever connected with it in any office.

I welcome with peculiar pleasure the representatives of the first classes that studied and graduated here in the '30's and '40's; for Haverford showed her high quality in the very beginning, and never has she sent forth worthier sons into the world than these her earliest born. You bring with you a rich store of memories. Amid all the changes and improvements which have been made, you find much that will aid you in calling up the past. The same hall of the founders in which you lived and studied, still stands unchanged in its exterior. Behind it, though with some gaps made by time, still rises the venerable wood, amidst whose branches you built seats; and from the portico in front you still look down a vista that reminds one of Versailles, toward the distant Delaware and the hills beyond. We welcome you with sincere respect as men who have done honor to the teachings of your old school by your lives of integrity, usefulness, and high distinction, furnishing worthy examples for the imitation of your successors in all future time.

With equal heartiness I welcome those who were here in the middle period of the history of this College, the years between its re-opening in 1848 and my own coming hither in 1855. In the full vigor of your powers, occupying many places of great prominence, influence, and trust, you form a very interesting portion of our Alumni, and in you the College boasts some of its brightest ornaments.

Let me thank you for the brotherly regard and sympathy I have always received from you, and let me bear witness to the aid you have always been ready to give to any plans which had the good and prosperity of Haverford as their aim.

And you, my own pupils, who make up considerably more than four-fifths of the graduates of this institution, and some six hundred and thirty of the one thousand and forty students who had been here before our last commencement, no words can tell the joy with which I greet you. The historian Gibbon once said that it was the sad lot of a teacher to feel all a parent's anxieties and receive none of a parent's rewards. Far, very far, has this been from being the case with me and with you. I will not deny that I have had and have anxieties, but they are chiefly such as parents have for the most promising and the most dutiful

of sons ; and I am constantly rewarded for any service I may have been able to give you by the noble qualities you have shown in the busy world on which you have entered, by your virtues and your well-deserved success ; I am constantly rewarded as I recount the many proofs you have given me of your affection, and think how surely I can rely on your sympathy and your love. Be sure that so long as my heart beats in my bosom it will beat in sympathy with all your joys and successes and with all your sorrows.

Students of Haverford College, both past and present, both old and young : You constitute a body of whom I can never think without enthusiasm and to whom I cannot speak without emotion. You, the living epistle and proof of the worth of Haverford, in whom have been largely fulfilled the prayers and aspirations of its founders, and who bear witness in your daily lives to the efficacy of its religious, moral, intellectual, and physical training : welcome one and all to your old College on this happy day ! I was about to say a day of unmixed happiness ; but there is one thought which, while it casts no gloom over us, tempers our joy—the proud, sad memory of our sainted dead. What names are those we miss as we call our roll to-day ! To speak only of pupils of my own, such names as those of Edward Rhoads, and George Sampson, and Richard Chase, and Richard Thomas Jones, and Marmaduke Kimber, and Thomas Longstreth, and Alexis Cope ; and I might mention others of equal worth, both in recent and in older classes. I sometimes think death has taken our best and noblest ; but as I look over the roll of the living, I see how many of them are worthy of the same praise and honor that we give to these, and I say : It is the race we breed here ; such is the noble stock of Haverford.

But I must not forget the most charming part of this audience, first in all our hearts, the mothers and sisters, who tell from what homes our Alumni came ; the wives and daughters, who tell what homes they have made for themselves : we welcome your presence as the crowning grace of our festival.

And now, before we invite you to the intellectual feast, which has been provided through the wise care of the Committee of the Alumni to whom we all owe so much, let me say one word on

the character of this College. Lord Coleridge, speaking on this platform ten days ago, bade us cherish the honorable traditions and associations which have already elustered around the name of Haverford. Of these none are more conspicuous, none more noble, and none, I trust, will be cherished more carefully by us and our successors than her love for whatever is frank in speech and straightforward in action, and simple, high, and earnest in human character ; in short, for whatsoever things are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report.

The orator of the day, John B. Garrett, of the class of 1854, then delivered the following

ADDRESS.

FELLOW ALUMNI, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Fifty years have now passed since the doors of yonder hall were first thrown open to students, and Haverford School commenced the work it had assumed to do. So commonplace have anniversary celebrations become of late, that we might well shrink from the observance of this occasion did it not so impress our minds, and stir within us deep feelings, reviving pleasant memories and evoking glorious hopes, that we dare not deny ourselves its pleasures nor withhold from thee, our Alma Mater, the tribute that is thy due. We come, not only to deek thy brow with well-earned chaplet, but recognizing that so many of us—thy sons—have attained the full strength of manhood, we come with open heart and hand to enter into sympathy with thee, and to promote thy work, thy life, thy mission.

How long, and yet how short, these fifty years ! Compared with the century of our nation's life recently completed, and made the occasion of the peaceful commingling of representative men from all quarters of the earth, with the two centuries of the Commonwealth within whose borders we are met, with the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, of all whose glories we boast as our own, or of the Christian world, of whose life Haverford and its life are a part, and whose nineteenth century is almost com-

pleted—compared with these, how short ! But to us, how much ! to most of us, more than our life : and in a sense to each of us, his own life is all that he can span, and is the standard by which he measures other lives. Yet more, *these* fifty years are more than any other of this world's history, save those to which all prophecy pointed, and in the fresh memory of which all Christendom delights to dwell. A half century in which the nations of the earth have been brought within conversational reach of one another, and in which the march of human progress has been unparalleled. They are not to be measured simply as the half of a century, or even the mathematical proportion of any longer period. In 1833, the total population of the United States was but about fourteen millions. It has increased nearly fourfold. That of the State of Pennsylvania, which had been settled by Penn one hundred and fifty years previously, was but one-third what it is to-day. Railways existed rather in engineers' contemplation than in fact, for though the rails had been laid in the narrow pass which bounds these grounds upon the north, horse-power was the motor of the time. Anthracite coal was but in the early stages of use as domestic fuel. Photography had not yet lent its assistance to the scientist, the artist, or manufacturer. The submarine cables which now acquaint us at the breakfast table with each day's good and evil thought and action on the world's continents, were not ; nor even the land wires which to-day render their efficient aid in mercantile transactions of almost every class. Much less was the power known of conversing audibly and intelligibly, in natural tones, with our friends a hundred miles away. These United States were but an infant nation, barely respected beyond the seas, dependent in every emergency of trade upon the capital of foreign money centres. The whole estate of Stephen Girard, who died in 1831, reputed the richest man in America, was represented by figures in which the railway magnates and mining kings of to-day count their annual incomes or profits. London and Amsterdam look askance at the till recently unparalleled spectacle of the current value of money being less for weeks or months together in the financial centre of the New World than with them, and the national credit of the United States surpassing that of the most

favored borrowers of the Old World. Nor would any picture of this half century approach completeness that omitted mention of the culmination of the colossal struggle between the advocates and opponents of the extension of human slavery—a civil war which is estimated to have cost the nation, directly and indirectly, nearly a million lives and nine thousand million dollars, which entailed upon society North and South, East and West, habits of idleness and dissipation, but which in the providence of God was instrumental in adding four millions to the freemen of America, and in removing the foulest blot upon our nation's fame, which established our national integrity, and caused the resources and power of the United States to be respected by all the aristocracies and democracies of other continents. How much of power, how much of responsibility, how much, alas! of danger, attaches to the new order of things which the revolution of the past half century has created, who can tell, or dare contemplate?

Nor has Haverford failed of its changes during this period. All must regret that so few can be with us to-day who can picture from memory the Haverford of 1833, when the band of twenty-one first gathered at the master's call. Yonder building, now known as Founders' Hall, alone graced these grounds. A small space on its north side and the adjoining grove were its only lawn. The red earth from the foundations was the adornment on the south, where the eyes of us of later boyhood are accustomed to graceful terraces and shaded walks. In the open space beneath the piazza hands and faces were washed, though wintry snows were not excluded, and brushes and towels were often frozen stiff. Some among us will recall the sight of the first locomotive engine which traversed the rails; how it stopped to fill its boiler by buckets from the rivulet which runs through the embankment just east of the lawn, and how farmers, laborers, and scholars swarmed about it with curious interest, and fled with alarm when its whistle was unexpectedly blown. The site of the school was selected in part because of its purely rural character, its protection against the bustle and distraction of city life. Now it is within about a half hour's reach of the heart of Philadelphia, and from within its very precincts men daily pursue their avocations in the city and return to refresh both mind

and body among these classic groves. Undergraduates of to-day would chafe under the restrictions which bound us of earlier years to seclusion for five consecutive months, and under the regulations which enforced continuous study throughout the summer's heat and ignored those days in the year's calendar which are so generally observed within as without the Society of Friends as days of thanksgiving, memorials, and family reunions. The midnight oil of the student was sperm or lard, dimly burning, rather than the refined product of the earth's flowing wells, lighting his path to success and distinction. All these are pleasant memories, but there are profounder questions we naturally and properly ask on such an anniversary as this.

What part is Haverford playing in this march of human progress? What was, what is, its *raison d'être*? How far has it fulfilled its purpose? and what are our just hopes of its future? Organized by one branch of the Christian Church and its management confined within its limits, none will question it had in part a denominational purpose—the education of those of the founders' faith, and the wider spread throughout the community of those views of Divine truth, those aspects of Christian life, which they embraced and practiced. And yet it had no proselytizing purpose. The inspiration which called our Alma Mater into life followed so closely that sad division in the Society of Friends which crippled its strength and influence, not yet fully regained, that we must naturally associate its organization with the conviction in the minds of its founders that that division was in measure due to want of knowledge (and, we may assume, especially Scriptural knowledge) and neglect of mental culture, which knowledge and culture Haverford School was designed to impart and promote. They recognized that as without instructing him the parent had not fulfilled his duty to the child, nor the State to the citizen, neither had the Church fulfilled its duty to its members without their instruction, and that if they were to grow up in unison with it—to be in their turn its standard-bearers, and to exemplify the Christian morality which they regarded as essential to the welfare of the individual, the State, and the Church—their natural faculties must be developed, they must be edu-

cated, in the most literal and noblest sense of that word. The best that was in them must be educed, and to this end, truth, not error, must be imparted. Models of wisdom, of strength, of rounded culture, must be ever before them. Calling into our presence to-day the memories of the past—measuring character not by boyish whims and prejudices, but with the juster estimate of the imperfection of human character which comes with more intimate acquaintance with the only perfect humanity, that of our Divine Exemplar—may we not rejoice with reverent thankfulness and honest pride that Haverford in every stage of her history has presented such guides and such examples? Behold upon her escutcheon, in letters of gold, the honored names of Gummere, the elder and younger, Hilles, Smith, Yarnall, Harlan! and I leave to men of successive epochs the pleasant task of completing the list as reverent memories of their several instructors may prompt. Bitter and sweet, light and shade, so mingle in the living present that, like new wine, it often lacks the piquancy and flavor of the old. But I dare not, while bearing tribute to honored friends of the past who have been called higher and received the “well done” which their work on earth so richly merited, withhold just tribute to the living. With a more or less intimate acquaintance with Haverford life for over thirty years, and with opportunities for closer observation than most during the recent few, I here state my conviction that the Faculty of 1883 is not the peer only, but the superior of any of its predecessors within my knowledge; that in scholarship, in generous culture, in power to teach, in moral attributes, in that love which seeks to bestow the best gifts with which they have been themselves endowed, they make the Haverford of to-day richer and stronger than ever before. And herein is our hope!

Let us look deeper into the purposes of Haverford's foundation. Of the men named in its original charter, of those who subscribed to its early announcements, of those who composed its first board of management, not one survives. All, all are gone! But their work abides, and their published purposes and acts. These are our chart. The following extract from the first report of the managers to the contributors, made nearly

two years before the opening of the school, will illustrate the conscientious care with which they entered upon their duties, the fruits of which it is our privilege to enjoy.

"Immediately after their appointment, a committee was charged with the care of procuring a suitable farm for locating the school. This committee diligently attended to their duty, and examined every place offered for sale, within ten miles of the city, that was at all likely to answer the purpose. The difficulties in the way of our being suited, were however great, and seemed for many months insuperable. We wished to procure a farm in a neighborhood of unquestionable salubrity, within a short distance of a Friends' Meeting, of easy access from this city at all seasons of the year, at the same time that it furnished facilities for bathing, and was recommended by the beauty of the scenery and a retired situation. Many farms, highly eligible in some of these respects, but wanting in others, were presented to our notice from time to time, and claimed the attention of the managers. The only one which united the suffrages of the whole Board, is a farm which has recently been offered to us, and which we have since purchased for the sum of seventeen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five dollars. It is an oblong tract of one hundred and ninety-three and a half acres,* lying on both sides of the Haverford road, near the ten-mile stone, and extending from that road to the Pennsylvania Railroad, being nearly south of the eight-mile stone on the Lancaster turnpike. There are about twenty acres of woodland, distributed in small groves, well adapted for ornamental cultivation. The soil is a light sandy loam, easily cultivated, and a part is in very good condition. It is well watered. * * * There is water power, * * it is thought, sufficient to raise water to the highest spot on the farm. There are, in addition, two fine springs of water. There is, also, a quarry of good building stone. The grounds slope to the south and southeast, and leave little to be desired on the score of beautiful scenery or eligibility for building." How amply has the test of fifty years proved the wisdom of their choice.

*By a subsequent purchase or donation, the area of the farm was increased to two hundred and sixteen acres.

In the Fifth month, 1833, a few months prior to the opening, an elaborate and masterly address to Friends was issued by the managers, presenting both the grounds for establishing such a school, and their views of the education demanded. It is but just that these views should be received by their successors in their exact language, which it gives me the more pleasure to quote because of the singular grace and force with which they wrote.

"In the first place," they say, "we do not aim so much to make brilliant scholars of our pupils, as to turn out well-instructed, serious, reflecting, and useful men. The acquisition of knowledge, valuable for its own sake, is chiefly to be prized as the means by which incomparably more important objects—the cultivation of the mental powers, and the formation of correct principles and habits—are to be attained. Education in this most comprehensive sense is the business of life, commencing in infancy and carried on in rightly governed minds to old age. That portion of it which devolves upon tutors must, to be valuable, have reference to this great end of the formation of character, and must be modified in its details by the peculiar mental constitution of the individual and his prospects in life. In laying the foundation of a good education those parts of the multifarious mass of human knowledge must be selected, the study of which is most strengthening to the faculties, and the application most useful in the affairs of life. * * * It should not be objected that the course of study we have laid down is suitable only as a preparation for the literary professions, and that it can be of little use to men in the more mechanical and laborious occupations. If its chief value consist in this, that it strengthens the faculties, forms habits of patient thought and steady perseverance, and establishes in the mind just methods of reasoning, these are of great value in every sphere of life; and although the studies during the pursuit of which they were acquired may be neglected or forgotten amidst the cares and duties of manhood, the mind will retain the impression which it has received, as soils will retain the marks of fertilizing growth for years after it has moldered away."

The limits of an address appropriate to such an occasion as

this compel the omission of the analytical treatment of the relative value of the study of pure mathematics, the natural sciences, and the ancient and modern languages. To those interested in the science of education, and especially to those engaged in the conduct of our schools, whether as instructors or committee-men, I commend this address of those to whom we owe so much, for attentive perusal.

What was the peculiar phase of religious belief which here sought expression, and with which Haverford education was to accord? A simple faith in Jesus Christ as the incarnate Son of God, the Redeemer and personal Saviour of men—a worship of God the Father and the Son, individual and spiritual, without human intervention—the discarding of rites and ordinances as non-essential to salvation or Divine favor under the Christian dispensation—the indwelling and immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit in the individual believer—and the acceptance of every law of human conduct announced by Christ as an ever-present continual personal obligation. Such has been and is the high standard of Haverford's teaching. It is in no spirit of boasting, or of odious comparison, that we claim that no other educational institution of our land of equal literary grade has approached so nearly to this standard. Witness the large proportion of her sons who have maintained and proclaimed the like faith before the world. Witness the part taken by not a few in the uplifting of the lately liberated race in our Southern States, and in the Christian civilization of the aborigines of our land. Witness the action of her Alumni five years ago in offering to the world a premium for the best essay on the most effective substitute for the sword in the settlement of international disputes. Witness the recent declaration of her President that, so far as he knew, her undergraduates were then free from the use of intoxicating drinks. Few of Haverford's sons have ever disgraced her. They have generally led honest and honorable lives. They have made their mark in the business world and professional life, and many have become wise educators of succeeding generations. We may not point to a long array of names prominent in diplomacy or statesmanship, though Haverford's sons are by no means strangers to legislative halls, but we can point with honest pride

to much self-sacrificing, intelligent, and fruitful effort among them to improve local government and the civil service of the nation, to ameliorate the sufferings of mankind, to remove pauperism, to lift to a higher plane of thought and living those who are fallen and degraded—in a word, to forward the march of human progress and of free institutions. And for the will, as well as for the ability to do this, such owe much to Haverford training and to the spirit which pervades her life.

When Haverford School commenced its work, it was essentially a college—that is, it aimed at a broad and generous instruction in classical and modern literature, the higher mathematics, and the sciences; and to fit its students either for immediate entrance upon professional or mercantile life, with minds prepared and tastes cultivated for private study and literary enjoyments, or for the profounder systematic study of specialties which belongs to the university or technical school. A preparatory department supplemented the collegiate, for in the earlier years of Haverford's history very few schools in the Society of Friends were sufficiently advanced, systematic in their courses, and thorough, to fit pupils for entrance into distinctively college classes. The narrow financial basis on which it was founded was a still greater embarrassment and peril, and in the autumn of 1845 its managers were compelled to succumb to the exigencies of an accumulating load of debt, and closed the institution for an indefinite period. But the value of its work had been proven, and Haverford's own children were already too numerous, capable, and energetic to permit its advantages to be lost to their successors. Mainly through their efforts it was re-opened in the spring of 1848, and has since prosecuted its work uninterruptedly. Other years passed before it responded to the manifestly prevalent opinion of its best friends and patrons that if it would command that support which was essential to the accomplishment of its highest purpose, it must adopt the name as well as the curriculum of a College, and must recognize accomplished work by conferring collegiate degrees. In 1856 the change was effected, and Haverford promptly took a recognized place among American colleges. I will not claim that its work has ever been so advanced or varied as that of Harvard, the oldest and most

honored of the colleges of our land ; but the welcome accorded to Haverford's sons at that ancient seat of learning, their admission to its Senior class upon the diploma of the classical course of this College without examination, and still more the high average of scholarship attained by these men under Harvard's training, show how closely has this standard been approached, and attest also the thoroughness of Haverford's work. And it is with no disparagement of kindred institutions throughout our land that we claim a special relationship with old Harvard, for our President is her honored son, while Harvard's dean is a Haverford alumnus, in whom his Alma Mater has just pride. Each is the gainer by the interchange. The selection of our own graduates as instructors is but natural, and within certain limits advantageous, but dependence upon these alone is certain to limit resources, to produce narrowness, to dwarf what might otherwise be a vigorous life.

" Keep all thy native good, and
Naturalize all forain of that name."

President Cattell, of Lafayette College, in a recent letter to an officer of Haverford, wrote: " I wish, indeed, we could claim the good work you have done ; not to detract from your deserved reputation, but to add to what we may have secured by our own work. I speak honestly as well as frankly when I say that every college man in Pennsylvania (I ought to widen the area), honors the thorough work done at Haverford, and is proud of it."

In comparing Haverford with kindred institutions, let us never blind ourselves to its unquestionable superiority to most in the opportunity for development of physical health and strength. Most colleges, in our Eastern States at least, are situated in centres of population. City surroundings not only present many diversions to the youthful mind, but forbid the maintenance of such ample grounds as facilitate out-door exercise and healthful study. These Haverford possesses in unusual degree. A lawn of sixty acres, laid out with taste, planted with such variety of trees and shrubbery as few American lawns, public or private, can boast, with nearly a half-century's growth

now attained, is certainly no mean possession. The continuous residence upon the college grounds here afforded students, and the regular habits promoted by it, are large factors in the acquisition of learning, and in the ability to use it when gained. The testimony furnished me by one of our Alumni, also a graduate of Harvard College and of two medical schools, in reference to his own health experiences when a student here, is so pertinent that I venture to quote it: "When I went to Haverford," he writes, "I was undersized for my age, about fourteen, thin and delicate. I had little or no inclination for exercise or games, and a short walk was all that I could undertake. My first year was not a very great success, but during my Sophomore year the constant and steadily increasing improvement in health I have always regarded as prodigious. The gain in weight during several months of the year was about five pounds, making a total of quite thirty pounds. My growth in height—I remember it well by the extra vacation obtained—necessitated my return home at both mid-terms to receive an extension of trousers. My height was exceeded by only about six or ten boys in college. It was a transition from the front bench to the back one. During the remaining year I continued to gain, winning about fifteen or twenty pounds, and weighing when I went to Harvard, in 1864, about one hundred and fifty-five. This record speaks for itself of the advantages of regulated hours, plenty of food and sleep, out-door life and cricket offered by a Haverford life to one not naturally strong."

Doubtless a similar testimony, in character if not in degree, could be borne by many among us. Lives have been lengthened and enriched by our residence within these charming precincts.

We have traversed and enjoyed the fairer side of our picture of the past and present of Haverford, but let us not deceive ourselves. Beautiful and health-giving as are these academic lawns, successful as have been the efforts to instill into the minds of students sound learning, and to awaken the best instincts of intellectual life, meritorious as has been the authorship of professors past and present, and justly recognized as has been the original work of the College Observatory, it is but just, it is but polite, to acknowledge that our attainments are far short of our ideal. The science

of education is ever advancing. If we would keep abreast of the age in the methods and scope of college training, we must be ever alert, ever receptive, ever studious. The tendency of the age is clearly toward larger liberty in the election of studies, and toward the closer division of work, and the employment of highly trained specialists. This last is not only calculated to promote more accurate scholarship, but sets before the student examples of enthusiastic devotion in various fields of learning, and stimulates the thirst for knowledge. It gives a wider acquaintance with literary and scientific men. It broadens the base upon which scholarship is built. It enables the student to estimate more accurately his tastes and capabilities.

To what extent Haverford shall avail herself of such instrumentalities depends, more than aught else, upon the practical extent of your sympathy, my hearers, with her enlarged and ever-enlarging work. More undergraduates are now upon her roster than ever before, the present Freshman class is the largest yet known in her history, and if repeated in each of the three succeeding years, would swell the aggregate beyond the limits of present accommodations. The circle of those who have drunk at her springs is ever widening, and her reputation for thorough instruction, accurate scholarship, and healthful moral influence doubtless extending, and these may ensure the continued supply of students, and the maintenance or increase of the resultant revenue. But higher institutions of learning are not, cannot be, self-sustaining. A charge to students of the actual cost of their maintenance and instruction—including even the lowest equivalent for the capital invested for their benefit—would drive from our College a large proportion of its patrons. It would certainly narrow the scope of its usefulness and in great measure nullify the efforts of its founders. It would, in all probability reduce, rather than increase, its net revenue, and so promote financial embarrassment. On the contrary, it has ever been the desire of those intrusted with its management to extend the privileges of Haverford's training among many whose pecuniary resources will not permit the payment of even present charges, and especially to the best students of Friends' schools throughout the country, upon most of whom distant residence entails additional

burdens. The endowment of competitive scholarships available for these would be a great boon.

During the past five years, with close scrutiny of current expenses, there has been an average annual deficiency of revenue in excess of the income of all funds applicable to general uses, and to scholarships, of six thousand dollars. Friends of the College have shown the sincerity and depth of their friendship by replacing year by year, a large part of this deficiency; but the success of so important an institution should not be dependent, in never so small a degree, upon uncertainties. Capitalized on the basis of an annual income of five per cent., this deficiency represents one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, a sum which should undoubtedly be added to the general endowment of the College.

At the opening of the school in 1833, it was announced by the managers that "By the kindness of several individuals, a cabinet of specimens in natural history and other objects of curiosity has been formed without expense to the institution, amounting to about two thousand articles." There have since been many valuable additions to this collection; yet the museum has not fully kept pace with our progress in other respects, nor can it ever fulfill its part as an instructor, or invite contributions, until granted a home attractive in appearance, easy of access, and adapted to systematic classification and to expansion. Such a building might fitly complete the College quadrangle, three sides of which are now inclosed by Barclay, Founders', and Alumni Halls.*

The present curriculum provides for less instruction in certain branches of Natural History, notably Geology, Botany, Zoology, than the times demand. The endowment of a chair of Natural History, or still better its equivalent in three, requiring a portion only of the time of each professor, or in corresponding lectureships, is therefore another of the needs of the day.

Now, as never before, does the public service of our country

* Further consideration satisfies me that the location suggested would not be proper unless the building were placed at such distance as to insure the free passage of air and sunshine, and not to obstruct the views from the piazza of Founders' Hall.—J. E. G.

demand men trained in all those laws of economy of resources which concern the health, physical, social, financial, of our nation and local communities. And every college should bear its share in their education. Haverford is in some respects peculiarly fitted to assume it. Not a few of her sons are to-day actively engaged in unofficial public service, where such a training would have vastly increased their power. Let those of the future, then, reap the advantage of the early foundation of a Professorship of Civil and Political Science.

In a religious society discarding theological training as the prerequisite or resultant of a call to the ministry of the gospel of Christ, and recognizing the possibility of a Divine call upon any baptized Christian at any period of life, is there not a special need that all of its members should be thoroughly grounded in biblical literature and exegesis—and can this be secured except through the establishment of another distinct professorship? In harmony with this thought, I quote the following sentences from the managers' address of 1833, already alluded to: "The external evidences of the truth of revealed religion are as proper a subject of investigation as any question in science. If true, they must be able to withstand, as they ever have done, the severest scrutiny. They form, in fact, the most irresistible weight of proof which has ever been brought to bear upon any question of a moral nature. Not to make the youthful mind acquainted with the wonderful train of events, the prophecies and their fulfillment, the undesigned and almost miraculous proofs of the truth of holy writ by profane and infidel writers, the confirmation by natural and moral revolutions, which this investigation opens, is to shut out one of the noblest views which the Almighty has vouchsafed to us of the course of His providence."

Each of these three professorships calls for an endowment of at least fifty thousand dollars.

I am by no means insensible to the great advantage of an untrammelled endowment. One generation cannot wisely direct another. Invention, discovery, mental development determine in each succeeding age changes which cannot be foreseen. A life estate is all that under Divine laws any man can have in

earthly possessions. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Well may we question, therefore, the wisdom of attaching conditions to gifts; yet each must judge for himself, and act conscientiously in the appropriation of his means. We may easily conceive that one particularly interested in the foundation of either of the three professorships here proposed might have little interest in the others, and rather than actively promote their creation might seek other channels for his beneficence. We can only urge that no unnecessary limitations may be imposed by any, and that an ultimate diversion to the general purpose of a sound education may be permitted to those who must be the judges of the future. Were all the additions to Haverford's endowment which I have outlined promptly made, we should still have much less at command than our neighbor at Bryn Mawr, whose advantages the young women about us are soon to enjoy.

Occasional lectures, singly or in courses, by men of power, so occupied in other fields of educational, literary, or other work as to preclude their more permanent engagement here, have of late been used with marked success in imparting instruction and stimulating intellectual activity in the student. Variety is always attractive to the young. The personal presence of men of distinction and just reputation excites in them a commendable ambition. It is the living illustration of the capabilities of the human mind. Who that has had the privilege of extensive travel at home or abroad will not attest the value of instruction so obtained, as supplementing that of atlases, globes, and text-books? So the personal illustration spoken of is to many pupils a speedier and surer lesson than many an hour of quiet study of books. What undergraduate of recent years fails to recall with some pleasurable emotion such visits to Haverford as those of James Hack Tuke, the intelligent student of Ireland's wrongs and effective advocate of the removal of their causes; of Thomas Hughes, the admiring pupil of Doctor Arnold endeared to the American schoolboy as the author of *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*; of Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, one of the most profound theologians and linguists in the Society of Friends; of Edward A. Freeman, the eminent

historian; and most recently, of that accomplished scholar, honored representative of the culture and best social life of old England, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge? The young man's dignity befitting the presence of men of such mold involves a self-imposed discipline, which is itself education. I rejoice in believing that the value of such visits and such lectures has been justly measured by the Faculty of the College, and that the wide acquaintance and influence of our President, due in part to his Harvard associations, the merit of his authorship, and his membership in the American branch of New Testament revisers will facilitate the wise use of these means of instruction.

The judicious use of the power intrusted to colleges by the State of conferring honorary degrees, is always a delicate and embarrassing duty. The very value of such degrees depends strictly on their being limited to the recognition of merit extraordinary. If Haverford has erred in the exercise of this power, it has been on the safer side. Master of Arts in fourteen instances, Doctor of Literature in a single case, and Doctor of Laws thrice, comprise all that has been done in this direction in the twenty-seven years of its collegiate existence. However we may differ as to the wider use of this power, shall we not all agree that recognition should be thus given to accomplished literary and scientific work of superior merit by her own graduates or former students, and especially within the educational circles of the Society of Friends, whether or not the worthy be her own children? The organization of the Educational Association of Friends in America has made possible what a few years ago would at least have been attended with great difficulty and probable inaccuracy, the measuring of the relative strength and originality of all the leading educators among American Friends. The recent conference of this association was attended by at least two managers of Haverford College, and two members of its Faculty. Had these, at the close of that conference, united in the nomination of one or more of those educators with whom they had been brought into intimate relation, and who had impressed them all as men of mark in their profession, the conferring upon them of suitable honorary degrees would unquestionably have

been but the just recognition of merit and success, would have been a welcome addition to their professional capital, and would have materially strengthened the hold of Haverford upon communities and institutions of learning which may yet assist largely in maintaining and advancing its work. Is it yet too late?

The fleeting hour bids me close.

FORMER STUDENTS OF HAVERFORD :

How vividly do pictures of our school or college life crowd our memories to-day, as we look into faces long lost to view, and chords are touched which have been silent for years! Bright days were those, when limbs were lithe, hearts buoyant, and brows unmarked by care. In memory we live them over with delight, yet who would bring them back? Who would reverse the wheel of time, and traverse once again the thorny path of years irrevocably past? If we have learned aright the lessons which our nurturing mother taught, of man's depravity, God's mercy, Christ's redeeming love, fain would we keep our eyes intent upon the mercy-seat, and trusting, praying, pressing on, complete life's pilgrimage, obtain the starry crown.

But mid our joy to-day, our thoughts will naturally turn to those whose faces, once familiar here, we see not. Many of these engrossed in cares legitimate in distant fields of labor are toiling on, regardless of the pause we make to lighten care. Bearing aloft the banner of the Cross, sowing in youthful minds the seeds of virtue and of lore, pleading just cause, or ministering the healing art at sufferer's side—whatever the field, if only by the path of duty—for these we feel no sadness. Heaven's richest blessings rest upon them, and may the message of our thought and love cheer and encourage them.

But death has made its inroads. Not a few, life's work completed, have crossed the valley and passed over to the other shore.

And are there other few in whom affection for their college home lives not, because their minds responded not to all the care bestowed? Would they were here. Would they could know how gladly and how tenderly they would be welcomed back.

OUR ALMA MATER :

Thine are we, and to thee we owe more than our words can tell. From out thy precious store of truth thou gave us freely. We thank thee for the light thou shed upon our paths, the helping hand thou gave us. Let us in turn, thy hand in ours, guide and sustain thy later life. And when, thy century completed, our children and our children's children meet as we are met, to crown thee with the laurel, may they rejoice as we rejoice to-day. Thy brow is fair, and pure thy heart, advancing years are adding to thy wisdom and thy strength.

POEM

BY FRANCIS B. GUMMERE, A. M., PH. D.,
OF THE CLASS OF 1872.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

*Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.*—Verg. *Æn.* XII, 435-6.

I.

Thro' airy seas, upon a barge of fire,
Comes Autumn, spirit of fulfill'd desire ;
Her robe shines yellow thro' the brooding haze,
Her eyes beam mild beneath a golden tire.

Men hail her harbinger of every good,
As thro' the broad Pactolus of the wood
Her keel cuts flamewise, dashing fiery spray
To right and left athwart the golden flood.

Then, as she drifts across the seas of grain,
Men dream no more of waxing or of wane ;
And earth and heaven, for one golden kiss,
Steal back again to the Saturnian reign.

Girt with such joy, O Mother Lov'd, behold,
To-day thy tale of fifty years is told;

And on the sunbright beauty of thy brow
Falls the warm shadow of a crown of gold!

And we who once, amid thy peaceful ways,
Fed on the honey of harmonious days,

And drank the milk of glad content,—lo, we
Come now to render thee our love and praise.

And yet,—what honor have we done thy name?
'Twas ours to carve it on the walls of fame:

But who hath seen thy favor in the lists,
Or mark'd our swords amid the battle flame?

Ah, recreant knights! and wherefore should we dare
To touch thy robe, to breathe thy haunted air,

And tell of quests forsaken, trophies lost,
Not one return for all thy generous care!

When Rome was trembling at the Punic tread,
When Cannæ's marshes groan'd beneath their dead,

And Aufidus ran crimson to the sea,
His shatter'd host the Roman consul led

Back from the city to Canusium's gate,
Where some, made cowards by their low estate,

Cried out: "Obey not if the Fathers call
Us back. Remember Claudius and his fate!

"Nay, rather, flying o'er yon alien foam,
Let us forget that we are sprung from Rome;

Better to live in exile than to die
Amid the curses of a ruin'd home!"

But in the consul's veins that Roman pride
Held its true purple:—"Cowards! fools!—abide!

Each to his place; and I will go to Rome
And meet the Fathers, let what will betide!"

And so he went and met them. On that head,
 Whose folly heap'd the Apulian fields with dead,
 Will not the curses of the Senate rain?
 What said the Fathers? "Since thou hast not fled,
 "Who most had'st need to fear; since thou hast dared
 A Roman deed; since thou hast not despair'd
 Of the Commonwealth;—behold, the Senate votes
 To give thee Roman thanks!" So Varro fared.

And thou, too, Mother! If thy nursling lays
 No perilous laurel at thy feet, no bays
 Pluck'd on the heights of song, no echo brings
 Caught from the thunder of a nation's praise:

If, all unheralded by rolling drum,
 The banner tatter'd and the trumpet dumb,
 With naught but love and loyalty to plead,
 All empty-handed to thy shrine we come:

Ay, if we fail'd thee in thy hour of need:
 Think that we too are of that Roman breed,
 Think that we never have despair'd of thee,
 And measure not the spirit by the deed!

II.

Nor is thy labor fruitless. Though thy ear
 Ring not with praises of the pious seer,
 A thousand hearts beat braver for thy word,
 And myriad memories shall hold thee dear.

Go, let yon Agamemnon's fame be blown
 In trumpet song thro' every time and zone,—
 Thou teachest us to take a better way,
 And win approval from no earthly tone.

In clouds of dust, the great Olympic band
 Down time's arena sweeps from land to land;
 And o'er and thro' the gloomy whirlwind flash
 The torches, brandish'd in some favor'd hand.

Not thine such strife, O Mother ! Let the glare
Of those wild torches fill the shrieking air,—

Thou hast thy ward upon the strand of time,
Watching that other light with jealous care;—

The light that o'er the ocean of the soul
Shines on untroubled by the tempest's roll;—

In seas of change set on eternal rock,
A certain beacon to a certain goal.

Men's eyes were sick of straining thro' the night ;
Some follow'd phantoms—others curs'd their sight ;

Priests babbled on, they scarce knew what ; till Fox
Cried thro' the darkness : " Lo, the Inner Light !"

Good need for such a cry ! When time began,
God gave the charter of the soul to man,
And seal'd it with indissoluble seals,
And set its enemies beneath His ban.

And time sped on ; and soon from pole to pole
Man fared and throve and wax'd in cunning, goal
By goal he touch'd, won beauty, might, but lost
In evil hour the charter of his soul.

Priests fill'd his vision with their altar smoke,
Fetch'd him poor stammerings from cave or oak,
And taught him that the thunder-word of God
He could not hear save only when they spoke.

Yet prophet after prophet, down the night,
Cried out impetuous warning, having sight
Of that sweet Eastern Star. But once again
The world had prov'd unworthy of the Light.

Thou, quaking clown, with rack'd and dizzy brain,
Wandering homeless thro' the night and rain,
Sobbing thy prayers,—art thou a prophet, too ?
What wisdom has the world from thee to gain ?

Fox made reply : " Cringing to mitred nod,
 O men, and fearful of a priestly rod—
 'Tis time to waken from this feudal dream,
 And hold your tenancy direct from God !"

O, one clear note among the hours whose chime
 Rings dull on this alloy of doubt and crime !

Keep tune with that, O Mother ; 'tis thy trust
 Until this gray world touch the bourne of time !

III.

So speaks the higher mood. But ah, more dear
 Are Memory's voices to the waiting ear ;

Hither we come to hear her, and escape
 The future's giant warders, Hope and Fear.

What reck we how the alternate glow and gloom
 Dart back and forth in time's eternal loom ?

Our ears are weary of its ceaseless whirl,
 Its broken echoes snatch'd from empires' doom.

What care we how yon sullen planets fly
 Force-hounded down the ranges of the sky ?

Enough for us, the sweetest summer day
 Must stretch at last its shadow-arms and die.

How shall it give the night-worn watcher ease
 That day is breaking over Indian seas ?

And ears that ache amid the din of life,
 Shall they be sooth'd by unheard harmonies ?

Yet Memory's voice *is* heard. Yon litany,
 Upborne in thunders of the sky and sea,

Tunes the archangels' march. But men love best
 The flower-strung throbbings of the minor key.

In steady march amid the glare of day,
 Life's army plods its upward Alpine way ;

A noontide halt, and lo ! our happy steps
 A moment thro' this fir-arch'd valley stray.

Glad as all earth is when the gloom is torn
 From day's far eery, and along the eorn
 Skim the swift wings of sunlight, filling the air
 With sudden rapture of imperial morn,—

So glad this valley. Boyhood's haunts we find,
 Dream the old dreams on mossy bank reclined,
 And hear again among yon waving boughs
 The immemorial sagas of the wind.

And friends, whom all our friendship could not save,
 Cross hitherward the marches of the grave,
 Dim as a waned moon rising from the sea
 Spray-mantled in the kiss of wind and wave.

And pale desires, ambitions long since flown,
 Pass dreamwise down the paths of thought, and moan
 Majestic woe, as if a throng of kings
 In stately exile sorrow'd for the throne.

The horns of Faery blow a fitful peal
 From forest depths; and down their vistas steal
 Shapes beckoning to follow where afar
 Stream the dim garments of our old Ideal.

For memories of each diserown'd Avatar
 Live on, defiant of the crowns that are;
 As year by year, upon its earthward way,
 Speeds the sad splendor of a vanish'd star.

Hark! querulous trumpets blow; the loud drum wakes
 Harsh echoes rolling down the vale; life takes
 The old burdens up; the march is formed; and thro'
 Our morning dreams the glare of noontide breaks.

Forward! Yet listen: sounds as of a bell
 Die on the air in long and silvery swell;
 O mark, my brothers! 'Tis the olden time
 Chiming at once its blessing and farewell.

But *Hail* to Thee! And may thy joys increase!
 Soft fall thy footsteps down the paths of peace;
 And may the stars that shine upon thy way
 From golden ministrations never cease.

PRESENTATION OF THE PORTRAIT OF PLINY EARLE CHASE, LL. D.

ADDRESS OF FRANCIS G. ALLINSON, A. M., PH. D., OF THE
 CLASS OF 1876.

CLASSMATES AND BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI:

The Class of 1876, at a meeting held in the summer of 1882, resolved to procure a portrait of Professor Pliny Chase, to present to the College. The following extract from the minutes of that meeting will explain their reason for assuming this privilege:

"We, the Class of 1876, being the first to have had the advantage of Professor Pliny Chase's instructions during all four years of college life, wish to present to the College this testimonial of our increasing appreciation of the large debt which we owe to him who has been and is our beloved friend and instructor.

"This debt we owe him for his unfailing charity, for his broad wisdom, and for the patient care with which he pointed out principles which should serve as 'bases' and 'foundation stones' in after life." * * * * *

By the kind care of one of your number, who should stand here in my place to-day, this portrait has been procured.

We tender it now to the College, less with the expectation of doing honor to him who needs no honor, than as a witness that we ourselves are striving to realize ever more thoroughly the lessons caught from his lips.

Other more equal honors have sought him, and to him personally we can only appropriate the words of the shepherd poet:

"Grant also round thy brows to twine,
 'Midst laurel wreaths of triumph,
 This (our) ivy wreath"—
 ——"Atque hanc sine tempora circum
 Inter vitrices hederam tibi serpere laurus."

A few words for ourselves. What is this debt which we owe to our friend, to our teacher? Others, perhaps, may answer in other words; to me it seems that our great, our irredeemable debt, is liberty of thought.

Strike fetters from the limbs and the limbs are still too stiff for full and immediate use. Strike fetters from the mind—fetters of ignorance, of falsehood, and of commonplace—and the mind, more delicate than the body, may require years to adjust itself to unwonted freedom.

“Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,” yet the “years that bring the philosophic mind” are teaching us to understand how “all truth is God’s truth,” and that “Science is not false nor true religion narrow.” In Professor Chase’s own modest words, he has given us “stepping stones” for fording life’s slippery and miry places.

If our feet have sometimes slipped and our white togas have become stained and spotted, then we have not heeded well our footsteps, have not heeded the path marked out for us.

May then this counterfeit of his well-loved features hang here on the walls of our old home, and long may words of wisdom flow from his living lips to awaken within each succeeding candidate the love of truth, the germs of wisdom.

On behalf of the Class of 1876 I tender to Haverford College this portrait of Professor Pliny Earle Chase.

PRESIDENT THOMAS CHASE’S REPLY TO PROFESSOR FRANCIS
G. ALLINSON.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLASS OF 1876 :

“Full heart, few words.” Let me speak first of your gift, and then of the givers. You have paid your teacher a well-deserved honor. Allow me to say, waiving all reserve from my near relationship to him, that as a man of science and a philosopher his name is known in every civilized land, and he stands in the foremost rank in the estimation of the learned. To his skill and fidelity as an instructor, and his inspiring influence and example, I can add my testimony to yours.

And let me say to you, personally, that you have shown what

is always praiseworthy in students and encouraging to their instructors, a just appreciation of the able and disinterested service which your honored Professor has rendered to you. You have linked the name of your class with a memorial which will always be cherished here; and as it hangs, for centuries to come, on the walls of this or some future halls of this College, it will excite kindly thoughts both of your teacher and yourselves.

In the name, then, of the College, in the name of its officers and students, in the name of this whole body of the Alumni, who, with the present members, constitute Haverford College in the larger sense, I accept your gift, and I thank you.

EVENING EXERCISES.

At the informal gathering in the evening, under the lindens in front of Founders' Hall, Henry Hartshorne, A. M., M. D., of the class of 1839, as President of the Alumni Association, opened the proceedings by appropriate words of welcome on behalf of the Association, and then recited the following verses :

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Old boys and young, come all,
 With bounding feet or slow;
 How many were on call
 Just fifty years ago?

Ah! we were merry then,
 Without remorse or woe;
 Let's play we're boys again,
 Just fifty years ago!

Then, on this College green,
 You trees began to grow;
 What springs, what falls have been,
 Since fifty years ago!

With smiles, and yet with tears,
 Our hearts ebb to and fro—
 More hopes and fewer fears
 Than fifty years ago.

Thank God, our lives have given
 So much to feel and know :
 Thank Him, we're nearer heaven
 Than fifty years ago !

The President of the meeting then called upon President Thomas Chase to say a few words on behalf of the Faculty.

President CHASE said :

I heard a distinguished gentleman say in New York, two evenings ago, when asked to make a brief speech on a great subject, that even in a steam-engine it took more than ten minutes to get up the steam, unless it were a dummy engine, and he did not wish to be thought a dummy. But when I am asked to speak upon anything that relates to Haverford, I need no time to kindle all my enthusiasm. To-night my heart is full. But I will not speak of myself. We want to hear our old boys recite. As regards the Faculty, I am glad to tell our old boys that, if good men whom they knew have gone, others have come to it, and that, in ability and distinction, our Professors need not shrink from a comparison with those of any other college. Nowhere are students better taught or under better guidance.

And let me congratulate you all on the additional evidence which this day gives that Haverford College has become a power in the land. I believe she is destined to become such in much greater measure now that she passes into "another happy lustrum and an ever better age." As a place of Christian nurture, where sound learning and every manly virtue are fostered and cultivated, she has no superior. She needs only to be known to be loved and sought, and year by year her merits will receive wider and wider recognition. Let us all count it an honor and a privilege to be permitted to labor for the ends for which she was founded, and for her sure welfare and renown.

JAMES TYSON, A. M., M. D., of the Class of 1860, said :

I fear that he who suggested my being called upon this evening was not of those present on the occasion of my first effort at after-dinner speech making, in these very halls just twenty-

five years ago. The occasion was a social gathering of the Athenæum Society, in what was then known as the lecture-room over the old gymnasium. The Class of 1860, of which I was a member, had just passed through its sophomore—or, as it was then called its second junior—biennial examination. The results of this were such as to make it not unnatural that I should be called upon as the class representative on the occasion. Of this, however, in my then unsophisticated state, I had not a suspicion. Accordingly, while oblivious of all but the pleasures of the table—ice-cream, cake, and perhaps lemonade—my name was called. I shall always remember the eager, expectant look of dear Professor Chase as I stepped to the centre of the room. Nor shall I forget the disappointment which overspread his face, as after spluttering a few unintelligible words, I ignominiously retired from the field. I fear I shall not do much better now, but, as I am before you, I will say that which is uppermost.

It has so happened that since leaving Haverford I have been brought into relation with colleges and many college graduates, and as is natural under the circumstances, I have often compared the practices and results of other institutions with those of my own Alma Mater. As the outcome of such comparison there are three particulars in which it has appeared to me Haverford is conspicuous in its excellence. The first of these is the fidelity and conscientiousness with which its Faculty have always carried out all that has been announced in its curriculum. There are many colleges in the land whose standard and requirements upon paper may appear higher than those of Haverford, but there are few who live up to them as faithfully, or whose graduates show more decidedly the stamp of a careful training.

A second result of my observation has been to note the prominence which Haverford's graduates have assumed in whatever calling they may have engaged, and the respect they everywhere inspire. This, as I have said, is not confined to any one calling, but my own opportunities of comparison have of course been more particularly in connection with the medical profession, and when we remember that the college classes have been restricted in numbers, the proportion of well-known and eminent medical

men among them is conspicuous. Indeed it would seem that a Haverford man has only to become a doctor to become an eminent one. Beginning with the first graduating class, that of 1836, we have the well-known name of Thomas F. Cock, LL. D.; in 1838, that of James V. Emlen; in 1839, Henry Harts-horne; in 1842, James J. Levick; in 1843, William D. Stroud; in 1851, Zaccheus Test and James C. Thomas; in 1852, Dougan Clark; in 1853, William H. Pancoast; in 1856, Jonathan J. Comfort; in 1858, Thomas Wistar; in 1859, the lamented Edward Rhoads; in 1860, William B. Corbit and John W. Pinkham; in 1861, Jehu H. Stuart; in 1862, Horace Williams; in 1863, Joseph G. Pinkham; in 1864, William Ash-bridge and Morris Longstreth; in 1868, Louis Starr, and others.

It has also been my good fortune to have to do with Haverfordians as students of medicine in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania; and they are always of the best,—the best prepared in their preliminary education, the most attentive and studious as pupils and most creditable as graduates.

The third feature in which Haverford has appeared to advantage in my comparisons is the purity of the life here. This is scarcely understood at the time by those who live under its influence. Indeed, it is really only when we have boys of our own that we come to appreciate fully the life we knew at Haverford, and to feel it is here that the influences by which we would have them surrounded, exist.

Fellow Haverfordians, I am not eloquent, but if I were, I should sing such praises of our old school as would draw upon her the attention of the civilized world, as the home of sound culture and thorough training, of promises well fulfilled, and of a wholesome domestic life, whose recollection is a well-spring of happy and joyous reminiscences.

The presiding officer, remarking, “I am requested to say that if there are any who wish to go to the city by the 8.21 train, they should now leave,” introduced

Professor CLEMENT L. SMITH, of the Class of 1860, who said:

I am much tempted, Mr. President, to go by the 8.21 train; but I suppose that to-night, if at no other time, Haverford, like

England, expects every man to do his duty. When the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements took me aside this afternoon to warn me that I was to make an extempore speech, he told me to say whatever came into my head. The President of the College, on the other hand, has called upon the old boys to recite. I am somewhat at a loss between these conflicting instructions, but on the whole it seems to me safe not to subject myself to the President's test, but to tell you one or two things that came into my head as I listened to the oration this afternoon.

The orator said so many kind things about Harvard that I wondered whether he also had us in his mind when he was speaking of the duty of observing great caution in conferring honorary degrees. You are no doubt glad to find that in this matter Harvard has found it necessary to draw the line somewhere. But what I especially had in mind to refer to was that part of the address in which the orator presented to us in definite shape the need of the College of endowed professorships. As we meet here to-day with our minds full of reminiscences we ought not to forget that standing at the end of one-half century we also stand at the beginning of another; we should look forward as well as backward. For I am one of those who believe that Haverford has still a great work before her. Now what makes a college is *men*. Glad as we must be to see yonder handsome and comfortable building, which has been erected since our day, it was a much greater thing that the orator could tell us this afternoon that the present Faculty is superior to any of its predecessors. I can say for myself that, looking back now at my student life here, I can see that above everything else in its effect on me was the influence of one man—the one who now worthily holds the President's chair; that his instruction, his advice, and his example have done much to shape my career. I hope, therefore, that in all plans for the future of Haverford provision will be made above all for accomplished men; and I hope the orator's suggestions will bear fruit. Only I must differ from him in one particular, the endowment should be not thirty but fifty thousand dollars. When men devote their lives to this work, we are bound to see that they are reasonably comfortable.

These are a few of the things that it has come into my head to say.

FRANCIS T. KING, of Baltimore, said:

I was one of the twenty-one students who entered Haverford fifty years ago, at its opening in 1833. An unusually large proportion of the first scholars are still living, and quite a number of them are now present at this semi-centennial anniversary.

I left Baltimore yesterday, and in three hours and a half I was at Haverford, and if I had been prevented from leaving home I could have sent you telegraphic notice of the fact in as many minutes. Fifty years ago I left Baltimore in a small side-wheel steamboat at seven A. M., landed at Frenchtown on the headwaters of the Chesapeake Bay, crossed the State of Delaware, eighteen miles, on a strap iron railway, to New Castle, thence by steamboat to Philadelphia, arriving there about six P. M. After resting that night in the city, I reached Haverford next morning in a single passenger carriage, drawn by a horse and driven by "Old George," with the baggage on top, in stage-coach style. The car was drawn from the level of the Schuylkill up an inclined plane to the heights above by a stationary engine, which worked an endless rope, to which our car was attached.

I might draw almost as striking a contrast between the Haverford of 1833 and that of to-day as I have between my traveling experiences. In the one case a lonely Hall in the centre of unplanted fields; in the other three large Halls, surrounded by lawns, avenues, and groups of trees, which are the admiration of all who see them.

So much for the past and present. What contrasts will the speaker of 1933 make at the Centennial Anniversary? Will he arrive from New York or Baltimore by electric power, and will he find Haverford in the centre of the most beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, no longer a College but a University?

A noble band of men laid the foundation of Haverford School, and their worthy descendants have built up Haverford College, as we see it in its beauty and usefulness to-day. It is true that Haverford College is not a large college, few denominational institutions of learning are, but it has been of incalcul-

lable benefit and blessing to the religious Society in whose interest it was founded. It has produced no "great men," but perhaps a larger proportion of successful men, good men, than any college of its size in our country. I believe that moderate-sized colleges, well organized, well endowed, and well managed, produce the best results.

May the aim of Haverford always be *quality* more than *quantity*, and may this impressive and joyous reunion to-day deepen our affection for our Alma Mater, and stimulate us to do all in our power to strengthen the College and extend its usefulness.

President MAGILL, of Swarthmore College, said :

PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—I came to hear and not to be heard ; to learn and not to teach. And what can a young maiden of sweet sixteen like Swarthmore have to say to a dignified matron of half a century that is worthy of her attention and acceptance ? As I listened to the recital by the orator of the day of what Haverford has done in her first half century and the place which she holds to-day among the colleges of the land, I was inspired with renewed zeal and energy in behalf of our beloved Swarthmore, between which and Haverford there are so many causes for sympathy and alliance.

The first class in Haverford, fifty years ago—a class that has been represented here to-day by both of its two graduates—had for one of its teachers one who has occupied this platform and witnessed these ceremonies to-day and is now our own honored Professor of English Literature, Dr. Joseph Thomas, of Philadelphia.

I also see before me one who is an honored alumnus of Haverford, who was one of the five who constituted the first Faculty at Swarthmore, and who is now Dean of the Faculty of Harvard College, Clement L. Smith, formerly of Delaware County.

Among many other things of value which I have learned here to-day, not the least valuable is how to make the most effective appeal for endowments for a college, and I trust that the admirable appeal which we have heard will prove seed sown in

good ground and spring up and produce fruit for Haverford—not merely a hundred, but many thousand fold.

It has been a source of very great satisfaction to me to spend with you this memorable day, and I most cordially extend to the Haverford alumni an invitation to be present when Swarthmore has similar commemorative exercises on the occasion of *her* semi-centennial in 1919.

Professor PLINY EARLE CHASE said :

The many words of hearty greeting and of kindly remembrance with which you have overwhelmed me to-day make an acknowledgment in “the poor common words of courtesy” seem, indeed, a mockery. I can only thank you for the too flattering estimate which you have put upon my past efforts in your behalf and assure you that in such appreciation as yours I find the greatest reward for which a teacher could ask.

You have heard to-day abundant and important evidence of the increasing recognition which your Alma Mater is receiving from those who are best fitted to judge of her good work. In my late vacation-trip to Europe I had a good opportunity to compare our methods with those of the great English universities. Taking mastery of principles, breadth of mental and spiritual culture, and completeness of preparation for life-work as the tests of scholarship, I do not hesitate to acknowledge my belief that the average Haverford student need fear no comparison with the average students of any foreign college, even if those students are laureate with the “*οἱ πολλοί*” degree of Oxford or Cambridge. I do not claim that our graduates have all attained the finished scholarship of those who take “honors” degrees in the great English triposes; but among those who have entered at Harvard or Johns Hopkins on the Haverford diploma, there has been a rounded symmetry of development, such as is rarely seen.

I have long loved Haverford. Since my return I love her, if possible, more than ever before, and I assure you that she is eminently worthy of your love. May the enthusiasm which to-day’s experience has awakened in you all be so abiding that in your stewardship of the Lord’s bounty you will never forget her needs and her claims. May you always remember that no por-

tion of the talents which He has given you to occupy till He comes will yield a better usury than that which increases the endowment of your spiritual foster-mother and enables her to widen, for all coming time, the usefulness of which you are living and loving witnesses.

HENRY BETTLE, of the Class of 1861, said:

I never felt more embarrassed in my life, nor how poor words were to convey ideas or emotions, or was more thoroughly convinced that this occasion itself, with all its clustering memories, was its own best and most eloquent orator. As I am not a professor, lawyer, or doctor, but only a plain man of business, you must not expect eloquence from me.

It is always pleasant, I think, to those who love Haverford, thus to gather at these our annual meetings, in this solemn twilight of the year, around the hearthstone, as Whittier says, of our Alma Mater, to stretch the hands of memory forth to warm them at the wood-fire's blaze. And it would seem not only pleasant but profitable to turn aside, if only for a brief day, into this quiet haven, from the noise and distractions, the never-ceasing activities and corroding anxieties of this practical, everyday life of ours, to turn our minds from the Present, with its absorbing realities, and from the Future, with its infinite possibilities, to the Past, where lie the sunny memories of boyhood's joyous hours—those happy hours when hope about us clung like the climbing vine. What is hope, says Carlyle—

"A smiling rainbow children follow through the wet;

'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder, never urchin found it yet."

Engrossed in business, which, if it sharpen the intellect, leaves the heart barren, toiling after temporal riches, seeing, in our daily intercourse with men, selfishness everywhere reflected about us, how necessary to the revival of those purer and more enthusiastic feelings of our better natures, these reunions under the benediction of our Alma Mater.

"The world is too much with us—late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

But not alone from the marts of commerce, the busy walks of trade, do these classmates of former years gather in friendly communion on this the Fiftieth Anniversary of this noble and useful institution, founded, as the charter says, for the instruction of the youth in the liberal arts and sciences. From all fields of activity the sons of Haverford come to listen to the voices of the Past, as they seem to sigh, almost mournfully, among these over-arching pines. What do these voices say to us to-night? Do they not speak to us of the unforgotten and sanctified *dead*, over whom memory throws a hallowing haze of tenderness? Do they not call to mind the names and services and characters of those who founded this College? And first on the list of corporators stands the name of one of Philadelphia's merchant princes—a typical merchant, such as is described by Thomas Chalmers,

“Whose eye, turned even on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honor”—

Thomas P. Cope. Then follow the names of Samuel Bettle, Senior, and Thomas C. James and Isaac Davis; and among the first managers, Henry Cope, Thomas Kimber, Thomas Evans, Samuel B. Morris, Lindley Murray; that ripe scholar and Christian gentleman, Charles Yarnall, and Isaac Collins, to whose foresight we owe this magnificent park and these academic shades. As I think of these men, and how faithfully they endeavored to serve God in their generation, there are no words that more fittingly express my feelings than those of Tennyson, in the seventy-sixth stanza of his “In Memoriam:”

“As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out to some one of his race;

“So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee as thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

“ But there is more than I can see,
 And what I see I leave unsaid,
 Nor speak it, knowing death hath made
 His darkness beautiful with thee.”

Is there not another voice speaking to us to-night, my brothers? It may be the voice of conscience, asking whether, in the fierce conflicts and temptations of life, we have been loyal to the teachings of Haverford; or whether, in all those soul-struggles—in the inner world of man’s spirit, in those seasons of doubt and fear, and of those mysterious questionings which cannot be repressed, which every intelligent mind must pass through; whether, in these times of proving, we have kept the faith—the faith that giveth the victory, a faith in Him who said, “ If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.”

Whatever the answer, let us hope that we may go forth from this place with our faith strengthened, with fresh courage, earnest impulses, and noble aspirations to fight the great battle with the world, the flesh, and the evil.

Permit me to say a few words to the undergraduates. We want you to play hard and study hard. Be in earnest about everything that is right, and you cannot hear too often Dr. Arnold’s words to his boys at Rugby, which Thomas Hughes quoted here: “ It is not necessary that this school should consist of three hundred, or one hundred and fifty, or of fifty boys, but it is necessary that it should consist of Christian gentlemen.” You heard Lord Coleridge the other day; take his advice and commit to memory any passage of prose or poetry that strikes your fancy. Having followed this course, I can bear witness that the recitation or memory of these has been an unspeakable comfort to me—not only on sleepless nights, as Lord Coleridge said, but in the deeps of sorrow, the tumult of business, or when lost in other cares. Study, then, Milton, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and, if you can understand him, Robert Browning. Read all the prose writers he mentioned, and it won’t hurt you to take Charles Lamb’s advice and read about the early Quakers, Fox, Penn, and Barclay, and—not to be secta-

rian—read by all means Thomas Chalmers and Frederick W. Robertson.

Remember, that the reputation and character of this College rest mainly in your hands, and that we expect every man and boy among you not to trifle with so great a trust, not to neglect so great opportunities.

Alumni, honored President, and Faculty, undergraduates, descendants of the founders, and friends of Haverford, let us all stand together in one harmonious effort to make this College all that it might be—all that we desire to see it, not only a light and blessing in our day, but for the generations yet to be.

As Coleridge said, this College is not so very young, cherish it. And as was said years ago at Harvard (and don't let us forget the debt of gratitude Haverford owes Harvard in giving us our beloved President, Thomas Chase), I repeat, as was said at Harvard, let it be our office to light a fresh beacon fire on the venerable walls of Haverford, sacred to Truth, to Christ, and the Church; to Truth Immortal, to Christ the Comforter, to the Holy Church Universal; let the flame spread from steeple to steeple, from hill to hill, from continent to continent, until the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them in the holy contests of Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Love.

AUGUSTUS H. REEVE, of the Class of 1885, said :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI:—I feel as though the Committee had, whether intentionally or not, been dealing in pleasantry this evening in calling upon an undergraduate last, after listening to so many older speakers. I am reminded of the story of the old lady who always used to eat her dessert first. When asked why, she said it was because she was afraid that otherwise she might never live to get to her dessert. Perhaps that is why we have had our excellent dessert first to-night. If I had been consulted, I should have recommended even more of it.

But after we have heard from so many of the "Old Boys" of Haverford, it is my privilege, as one of the Young Boys, to address you. I am glad, on behalf of the Undergraduates, to express to you our pleasure in being present at this anniversary

and in taking part in the exercises of to-day. It makes us proud of our College to see so many of her old sons here—men distinguished in many ways. We feel to-night that much depends upon ourselves. We hear of the reputation, both in studies and sports, which former classes have gained for the College. We owe it to you and to the College to live up to the record you have left us. We assure you that there is still that pride, both upon the cricket-ground and in the class-room, which it was your pleasure to found here and it is our duty to maintain.

As we are now entering upon our second half-century, larger in numbers than ever before, we look forward to that other day, fifty years to come, when those who are here then will recall the doings of to-day, but to a different audience; and as we thank you for the pleasure afforded us, we sincerely hope it may be permitted us to meet many of you here then when it will be more truly *our* celebration.

I trust that we, of the present and our successors, will do our part and combine to make the half-century ushered in to-night worthy of the first in every way. I thank you again for the pleasure and the varied feelings which have been evoked this day; but remind you that silence is far more eloquent than any words of mine.

Brief remarks were also made in response to calls by Philip C. Garrett, Joseph Parrish, and Francis B. Gummere.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From the letters received by the Committee on Invitations, many of which were read at the evening meeting, the following are extracts :

JOHN G. WHITTIER, Amesbury, Mass.

The Semi-Centennial of Haverford College is an event that no member of the Society of Friends can regard without deep interest. It would give me great pleasure to be with you on the 27th inst., but the years rest heavily upon me, and I have scarcely health or strength for such a journey.

It was my privilege to visit Haverford in 1838, in "the day of small beginnings." The promise of usefulness which it then

gave has been more than fulfilled. It has grown to be a great and well-established institution, and its influence in thorough education and moral training has been widely felt. If the high educational standard presented in the scholastic treatise of Barclay and the moral philosophy of Dymond has been lowered or disowned by many who, still retaining the name of Quakerism, have lost faith in the vital principle wherein precious testimonials of practical righteousness have their root, and have gone back to a dead literalness, and to those materialistic ceremonials for leaving which our old confessors suffered bonds and death, Haverford, at least, has been in a good degree faithful to the trust committed to it.

Under circumstances of more than ordinary difficulty, it has endeavored to maintain the Great Testimony.

The spirit of its culture has not been a narrow one, nor could it be, if true to the broad and catholic principles of the eminent worthies who founded the State of Pennsylvania, Penn, Lloyd, Pastorius, Logan, and Story—men who were masters of the scientific knowledge and culture of their age, hospitable to all truth, and open to all light, and who in some instances anticipated the result of modern research and critical inquiry.

It was Thomas Story, a minister of the Society of Friends, and member of Penn's Council of State, who, while on a religious visit to England, wrote to James Logan that he had read on the stratified rocks of Scarborough, as from the finger of God, proofs of the immeasurable age of our planet, and that the "days" of the letter of Scripture could only mean vast spaces of time.

May Haverford emulate the example of these brave but reverent men, who, in investigating nature, never lost sight of the Divine Ideal, and, who, to use the words of Fenelon, "Silenced themselves to hear in the stillness of their souls the inexpressible voice of Christ." Holding fast the mighty truth of the Divine Immanence, the Inward Light and Word, a Quaker college can have no occasion to renew the disastrous quarrel of religion with science. Against the sublime faith which shall yet dominate the world, skepticism has no power. No possible investigation of natural facts in searching criticism of letter and tradition can disturb it, for it has its witness in all human hearts.

That Haverford may fully realize and improve its great opportunities as an approved seat of learning and the exponent of a Christian philosophy which can never be superseded, which needs no change to fit it for universal acceptance, and which, overpassing the narrow limits of sect, is giving new life and hope to Christendom, and finding its witnesses in the Hindoo revivals of the Brahmo Somaj and the fervent utterances of Chunda Sen and Mozoomdar, is the earnest desire of thy friend.

THOMAS C. HILL, Chicago, Ill.

I should rejoice to be with you. I leave my home and business, and live over again for a time "the dear, the brief, the forever-remembered schoolboy days at Haverford." As I write at this distance both of time and of space those pleasant associations are passing like a panorama before me. Besides the school-fellows and classmates are Superintendent Joseph Cartland, giving us a moral lecture during the five minutes before the second bell rings; Matron Elizabeth B. Hopkins, still in her teens, with the pantry-keys in a basket on her arm; the classical Joseph W. Aldrich, the mathematical Hugh D. Vail, the literary and scientific Alfred H. and Albert K. Smiley. Then I was near the twenty-first, now I have passed the fifty-second milepost in life's journey. During this time, no doubt, you with me have been helped and prospered in our lifework by the many valuable lessons learned at Haverford.

THOMAS L. BAILY, Atlantic City, N. J.

As I was one who participated in the game of football when "Haverford Revisited" was indeed a day of pleasure, I should have been glad to witness, if not participate in, another "athletic pastime" performed by some of younger academic fame.

J. L. HOAG, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

I assure you I shall always take a deep interest in everything connected with the school where some of the most profitable hours of my life were spent.

ELIHU J. FARMER, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nothing could have afforded me greater pleasure than to have

met my college friends of nearly thirty years ago, and to have participated with you in a grand reunion of the boys of Haverford.

ISRAEL P. HOLE, Damascus Academy, Ohio.

Such a fraternal gathering must be profitable as well as pleasant. Haverford recalls pleasant memories to the minds of her student children, and occupies a warm place in the regard of many who have not enjoyed her privileges.

BENJAMIN H. WRIGHT, Indianapolis, Ind.

The temptation to again mingle with "the boys" and to have the pleasure of listening to my friend John B. Garrett, and partaking of other "feasts of reason and flow of soul" that may be anticipated, is hard to resist; but "a boy" who has a wife and ten children and as many grandchildren has assumed duties that must be attended to before pleasure.

THOMAS KIMBER, Richmond Hill, L. I.

Although it will be impossible for me to accept your invitation, yet I would send you my warmest wishes for the prosperity of my old Alma Mater, and the assurance of my earnest prayers that many years of usefulness and growing life and influence may yet be hers. At other times I have done what I could to discharge in part, at least, the debt that I owed her, and wish that I could do more.

As I looked to-day at my diploma of 1842, with the honored names of John Gummere, Daniel B. Smith, and Samuel J. Gummere attesting in such kind terms the certificate of my successful completion of a four years' course of laborious but delightful study at Haverford, I felt a fresh thrill of interest awakened in my heart toward the old institution and of thankfulness for all the privileges and opportunities that I had enjoyed there.

I know that of latter years, under the able direction of its distinguished President and its excellent Faculty and Board of Management, the advantages offered to the earnest student at Haverford College have been carefully maintained, and I trust that its favorite motto—"Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus"—may always in its highest sense describe the character not only of the instruction there, but of all those who graduate under its auspices.

GEORGE A. BARTON, Boston, Mass.

I console myself with the hope that in 1933, when Haverford shall have become a university, I may be able to join in your festivities and celebrate a glorious centennial.

ROBERT B. HOWLAND, Union Springs, N. Y.

Forty years have rolled around since I left the school. For five years it was to me a very pleasant home, and I was glad to have my humble share in its revival some three or four years after.

W. L. KINSMAN, Salem, Mass.

Much as I would enjoy being with you in the body, I must therefore content myself with a representation in the spirit, and with the hope that one or both of the other members of my little class of five, who graduated in the spring of 1852 may be able to be present and fitly to "stand up and be counted" on the joyous occasion.

JOHN B. MELLOR, Central City, Colo.

Invitation to hand, and is an exception to the old adage of "distance lends enchantment," for I should love to be one of you, and believe I could be a boy again on the old playground.

JOSEPH H. ATWATER, Providence, R. I.

How gladly would I again revisit its Halls, old and new, and look once more upon its beautiful lawn, see again familiar faces, and revive old-time memories.

CASPAR WISTAR HAINES, Mexico.

It is very grateful to find that although I have been absent from the United States for some years, and for more have not visited my Alma Mater, that I have still friends there who have not forgotten me in my distant home. I hope that the reunion proved a success, as I have no doubt that it did, and should the Association publish the proceedings, hope that you will be kind enough to send me a copy.

MADISON BETTS, Wilmington, Ohio.

My good wishes go with you—may the Alumni of Haverford, in the pleasures of the occasion, fully realize the dream of

Ponce de Leon that "there is a fountain of perpetual youth ;" and in quaffing from that fountain may the thrilling and living memories that it brings doubly assure them that youth is immortal.

SAMUEL E. HILLES, Cincinnati, Ohio.

As the grandson of the first Superintendent, the son of an early instructor, and principally from my own associations, I greatly regret that I cannot give myself this pleasure, but I have no fears of the success of the occasion and its advantage to Haverford.

WM. B. MORGAN, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

I hope, however, the occasion may be a joyous and profitable one to all who can attend, and result in great good to the College.

THOMAS J. BATTEY, Providence, R. I.

I trust much good fellowship and encouragement for the future may result from the revival of old memories and the mutual interchange of thought and feeling that such a gathering will bring about.

CHARLES F. COFFIN, Richmond, Ind.

Haverford College has had much to do in the general increase in learning and intelligence which has taken place amongst Friends since it was founded. That its work may go forward and that in the future, as in the past, it may be the source of much good, not only to our Society but to the country at large, is my earnest desire.

TIMOTHY B. HUSSEY, North Berwick, Maine.

Haverford College has a very warm place in our hearts ; may its usefulness long continue.

JOHN W. STAPLER, Tahlequah, Indian Territory.

I am compelled to decline the personal happiness of being on the collegiate grounds and meeting with the surviving professors and members of our class during the period of my life so appropriately and beautifully depicted in your circular of invitation. Be assured in my distant home the day will be remembered,

and in feeling I shall rejoice with you in the prosperity and permanent success of Haverford College.

JOSEPH CARTLAND, Newburyport, Mass.

Thirty years ago this autumn closed my official connection with the Institution, but I have never ceased to watch its progress with a sort of paternal regard, rejoicing in every indication of its prosperity.

The necessity of Haverford College to supply the higher educational needs of Friends in America is no longer a question with any intelligent observer, and under its able management it seems to me that it has been steadily winning its way in the popular confidence.

As every year adds to its list of Alumni, may we not hope that these, true to their Alma Mater, will be found making grateful returns for benefits received, in adding to the endowments of the College, and thus increasing its efficiency.

I earnestly desire that Haverford may continue to maintain its enviable reputation for the thoroughness and liberality of its curriculum, its moral and religious standing, and sound Christian teaching, and that its commanding influence in the Society of Friends may be *wisely conservative* and *wisely progressive*.

ZACCHEUS TEST, Richmond, Ind.

I can therefore only send my sincere regrets, accompanied by the hearty wish that the happy occasion, while it does meet honor to Haverford's past, may prove a propitious omen for her future. Please convey my kindest greetings to the representatives of the Class of '51, and accept my best wishes for the complete success of the semi-centennial celebration.

JOHN B. CRENSHAW, Richmond, Va.

I have ever felt the deepest interest in my Alma Mater, and earnestly desire that her usefulness may increase with the increase of years, and that the training received by those whose privilege it is to call her "Mater" may ever point to Him whose right it is to rule and reign in every heart.

HENRY FOTHERGILL, Steelton, Pa.

I shall certainly try to be there, as it is now thirty years since

I left, and I have never been there since. No event, not even the great Centennial, has ever excited such a longing within me.

WM. H. HUBBARD, Indianapolis, Ind.

I still hold, and ever shall, a strong love for Haverford, and fond memories of the College fellows and also of the Professors, some of whom still honor the Institution by their instruction. Let me send greeting and kindest love to all who may meet at the celebration.

JAMES R. MENDENHALL, High Point, N. C.

I was the pioneer student alone from North Carolina in 1836 at ten years of age. My cousin, Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, joined College there in 1837. He remained only two years, and graduated with the first distinction.

WM. L. DEAN, Ferrisburgh, Vt.

I have long been interested in the prosperity of the Institution, and now more than ever, having a son under its care. Thankful for the many evidences of Divine blessing in the past, let us pray that Haverford may have an enlarged usefulness in the future under the same blessing, and that her sons may go forth all over the land to promote the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men.

S. F. TOMLINSON, Durham, N. C.

I owe much to Haverford, and feel proud to claim her as my Alma Mater. May she live long and prosper.

EDMUND RODMAN, New Bedford, Mass.

I look back with a mixture of pride and pleasure to the days spent at Haverford. The companionships and friendships formed then have been not only delightful memories, but in some cases have been renewed and continued up to the present time. It would be delightful to me once more to tread the soil of my Alma Mater, and to renew some of the old companionships and friendships which I hold in such fond remembrance, but my engagements will not permit.

RUTH S. MURRAY, New Bedford, Mass.

Please accept the expression of my wishes that Haverford

may gain strength and vigor with each new year. I desire that from this College may be sent forth an earnest band of Christian workers, who, consecrating their mental powers to the Lord, may be able instruments in His hands in spreading the principles of our early Friends.

TIMOTHY NICHOLSON, Richmond, Ind.

I had anticipated very great pleasure and profit from the occasion itself and from meeting a number of my very dear friends, and renewing the acquaintance of the students from 1855 to 1861—the exact middle period between 1833 and 1883.

I expect grand results from the convocation to Haverford College, and to the educational interests of Friends in all parts of our country.

WILLIAM P. PINKHAM, Earlham College, Ind.

Haverford seems much nearer to our hearts within the past few years than formerly, and several of us would gladly be with you if it were practicable.

JOHN ELLIOTT, JR., Santa Cruz, Cal.

I have not forgotten Haverford or the tasteful and accomplished Daniel B. Smith, and the learned mathematician, John Gummere. May they rest in peace.

THOMAS CLARK, Webster, Ind.

I owe so much gratitude and respect to Haverford and her friends that I should have been very glad to be with you on this occasion to honor her, and view with my own eyes her improvements and mingle in your company. It was twenty-five years ago, the 13th of Seventh mo. last, since the boys at Haverford put me on the bench and carried me around the magnolia tree, and then called upon me to make a good-bye speech to school days and plays. My class agreed to meet in ten years, if possible, if not then, at least in twenty-five years. The longest day then mentioned has come, and still I am not among them. I protest I love them every one, and would gladly be with them on this occasion.

And the Dorian C. C., if it still lives, may it live long and commemorate the triumph of its first eleven, more than a quarter

of a century ago—Ed. Bettle bowling and Tom Clark catching. But I cannot forget that if I should be there, I should not meet you as we parted in 1853. The head of our class, S. T. Satterthwaite, has gone from sight beneath the sod. The short-stop of our club, who could catch the balls whether they flew high or flew low, my own dear brother, Lindley, he too has been stricken down just as life seemed to be begun. I should also miss those dear brothers, William G. and Edward Rhoads, and know not how many others.

JOHN S. WITMER, Paradise, Pa.

It is a cause of deep regret to me that circumstances will not admit of my mingling again with the Haverfordian host on this most interesting occasion, but my best wishes will be with you and the hope that the day will be one of the fullest enjoyment for all Haverfordians.

GEORGE H. PARSONS, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present on such a memorable occasion, and it is only the vast amount of territory between us that keeps me away.

JOSEPH TILLINGHAST, New Bedford, Mass.

I regret exceedingly not being able to have the pleasure of revisiting the scenes of 1850 and 1851, which are so dear to me yet.

CHARLES OSBORNE, Vassalboro, Maine.

When I received the invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial of the founding of Haverford School, it seemed almost like a voice from the long buried past, for I was a student from the spring of 1836 to the spring of 1837, the first one from New England, and some who were present at the opening were still there. I rejoice that the school has prospered. I hope that its usefulness has increased with its increased boundaries and with its more imposing name; that it will have better teachers than it had in its infancy, I doubt. The elder and younger Gummere and Daniel B. Smith, with minds richly endowed, were ever ready and glad to impart of their rich scientific and intellectual stores. How many of those earlier students are living, I know

not, probably but few. B. Wyatt Wistar, the refined and handsome, with poetical talents of no mean order, though exercised by stealth; Lindley Fisher, whose literary aims were high, laid down by the wayside long ago; the insatiate sea has certainly claimed one, and recently Charles L. Sharpless has "quietly folded his tent" and gone. The three named were classmates of mine.

Many years since when the school suffered a partial eclipse and efforts were made for the removal of the shadow, or its cause, I received a call to be present and responded, expressing a hope that it might rise from its dark state, and become what its founders wished it to be, and that its released and scattered students "might meet again and again on the very spot of their earliest and happiest union, hallowed by a thousand endearing recollections of the past."

That happy experience has never been mine, to my great regret, and I am not to be with you at this time, yet I would send a word of greeting from the cradle of their Alma Mater to those who are enjoying the favors of its noonday strength. May all your aims be high and for the benefit of your fellow-men, as "ever in the great Taskmaster's eye," actuated by a loftier inspiration than the clarion voice of fame. May we all listen daily to the still small voice, "heard in Gaius's silence or through Glory's din," and may the prayers be fulfilled of those who were instrumental in creating this seminary of learning, and of all good men and women whose hopes were high as the walls of Haverford rose from the clod, that it might be a blessing to the sons and daughters of men.

Liberal studies and all the literary institutions of the land have no words of power to open the Everlasting Gates, no charm to "teach rooted sorrow the lesson of submission," no enchantment potent enough to break our stony hearts, regenerate our fallen natures, and thrill them with the immortal joys of those who have been born again of the "incorruptible seed and word of our God." That sublime prerogative still belongs to Him who said, when the world lay in darkness, "Let there be light," and there was light. Let us become broken suppliants at His feet, fervently asking and patiently waiting for his illu-

minating ray to fall upon our pathway, sanctifying our acquirements and our daily lives.

JOHN C. CORBIT, Odessa, Del.

Accept best wishes for the future success of the College at which my brothers, my sons, and myself have been educated.

W. J. HULL, Baltimore, Md.

I can only send my best wishes for a happy reunion of old school-fellows who have been so widely parted.

H. A. STARKEY, Sanborn, Dakota.

I have to decline the kind invitation owing to the pressure of business and the fact that I am at present quite a distance from my ever fondly loved Alma Mater.

JOSEPH MOORE, New Garden, N. C.

I rejoice in the prospect of a great jubilee for old Haverfordians, and also that much good will result to the College from the occasion.

MOSES C. STEVENS, Lafayette, Ind.

My duties are such that I cannot be spared from my post at that time, but trust that goodly numbers of Haverfordians will be present on the occasion, and that you will have a pleasant reunion.

CYRUS LINDLEY, Crawfordsville, Ind.

It is a glorious arrangement, and it does look as if all of us old boys ought to be there, and I think no one will enjoy the occasion more than I should. Surely no one has more interesting reminiscences of college life than I. Haverford and vicinity are sacred to me. Every field and forest I have rambled o'er and o'er in company with my intimate friend whose precious life was so early sacrificed in the Civil War.

EDWARD B. TAYLOR, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I sincerely trust you will have a large turnout, and that nothing will occur to mar the festivities of the day. I know of nothing that would afford me greater pleasure than to be with you.

WM. F. PERRY, New Paltz, N. Y.

You have my best wishes for a pleasant and prosperous time for the glory of our Alma Mater who has done so much for us all.

ELIZABETH B. HOPKINS, Richmond, Ind.

I feel a warm interest in all that pertains to Haverford, where I spent twelve years of my life so pleasantly.

ALLEN J. TOMLINSON, Bush Hill, N. C.

Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to visit that beloved institution and its hallowed associations, but circumstances beyond my control will not permit.

BART. WISTAR, Wellington, Ontario, Canada.

I have two fine boys growing up rapidly and some day I hope they will call Haverford their Alma Mater.

JOHN HUNN, Coosaw, S. C.

About two years ago I had the pleasure of seeing my old preceptor, Daniel B. Smith, at his house in Germantown. I had not seen him for forty-three years. That meeting I shall hold in pleasant remembrance while life lasts. I am now sixty-five years old, but the pleasant days I spent at Haverford will always live in my memory.

J. H. STUART, M. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

No spot that I have yet learned to love is so dear to me as Haverford. I gratefully acknowledge the blessing the dear old Alma Mater has been to me. How much I should love to revisit her at this time.

H. L. WILBUR, Amherst, Mass.

I regret to say that the jealousy of my present Alma Mater forbids my attendance on my former one.

JAMES B. PARSONS, Litchfield, Conn.

I have always had a great desire for the prosperity of the institution on various considerations, and especially from the warm and active interest taken by my honored father in its establishment and success.

BENJAMIN TUCKER, Bethlehem, N. H.

I should be exceeding glad to be present. Thirty years ago this fall I left there and have not been there since, but hope you will have a large gathering and wish all success to Haverford.

LOUIS STREET, Indianapolis, Ind.

Although more than thirty years have passed away since I was a student at Haverford, I still look back upon this period of my life, as one filled up with the most pleasant associations. A large proportion of those we then knew have long since passed away into the life beyond the grave, while here and there one is left to be an ornament to the Church of Christ, and a light in the world.

WM. H. BARNEY, Mobile, Ala.

It would afford me great pleasure to meet my old classmates once more, but business engagements prevent.

CHARLES E. COX, Le Grand, Iowa.

Haverford's beginning was small, the "school" with her twenty-one pupils (boys of thirteen, were they not?) "guarded" in all their movements, has had her ups and downs, but has grown in numbers and has added building to building, advantage to advantage, and has sent out her children to all parts of this great republic to become leaders in every department they enter. Haverfordians have long contributed to the wealth and intellectual prosperity of this young State. May this celebration send each man back to his home with youthful hopes and energies revived, and with a new inspiration to make the world better for his living in it.

HENRY BARROW, New York.

I should like much to be with you, but cannot. My remembrance as a scholar forty years ago, under dear old Daniel B. Smith as Principal, brings to mind none but very pleasant thoughts. I hope you may have a goodly representation of the beneficiaries of the College.

WILMOT R. JONES, Providence, R. I.

It is indeed a very welcome anniversary, and it is but right

for all true Haverfordians to meet and award all honors to their kind mother. It is a time for generous impulses. May the day be rich in fruits of joy and rejoicing with noblest feelings. At the end of the century from the foundation I hope to be among those who shall meet, as you are soon to meet, to hail the return of this glad anniversary which you now celebrate. I want my interest in Haverford to be as large and as practical as that of any of her sons. This at least is my hope.

F. D. JONES, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Your kind invitation brings back so many pleasant recollections of profitable days spent at Haverford that it is hard for me to decline.

It is a matter of congratulation that the institution has prospered so well and proved such a blessing to so many young Friends, and that its usefulness is increasing under the present management.

ABRAM TABER, New Bedford, Mass.

"Circumstances repugnant to the acquiesce reluctantly compel me to decline the invite," but I cordially join in the good wishes and the good fellowship which will make the occasion a red letter day for those who can attend.

B. FRANK ESHLEMAN, Lancaster, Pa.

Please enter me for the most incompetent of all incompetents for the *veteran* game of cricket. My bowling has always been underhanded.

S. C. COLLINS, Chappaqua, N. Y.

I find on a certain programme the clearly-cut English of certain clearly-cut gentlemen who used to be counted sort of baseball cricketers, warranted to hold high balls, flying obliquely toward the road and toward Llewellyn's.

I myself now play more than in those days (in which I played not at all); in fact, better enjoy life in every way, and so am the better fitted to hear from those who *always did* enjoy themselves "intuitively" and *a priori*.

I am glad, too, to find on the invitation the name of a man whom I remember when he was in next the smallest seat at Westtown and as blowing himself up with burning gas at Haverford that he might be purified and ennobled and anointed with oil to become the father (no longer "son") of post-graduate cricket. I'll not take part in any of those games. A rural "drive" of mine might raise blisters on the luxurious alumni. I'll stay here and send my love and affection (one for the baseball and the other for the cricket), which love and affection can be muffed without remorse and without detriment to the game.

Letters expressing regrets at not being able to attend and good wishes for the success of the celebration were also received from:

President Eliot,	Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
President Gilman,	Johns Hopkins University, Balti- more, Md.
Henry Cromwell,	New York City.
John S. Harris,	Fountain City, Ind.
Professor C. W. Pearson,	Earlham College, Ind.
W. F. Smith,	McConnellsville, Ohio.
James Dennis, Jr.,	East Providence, R. I.
Robert B. Warder,	Purdue University, Ind.
Walter F. Price,	Cambridge, Mass.
Ellis H. Yarnall,	Philadelphia.
Wm. W. Colket,	Philadelphia.
Roberts Vaux,	Philadelphia.
Wm. W. Underhill,	New York.
Samuel H. Hill,	Minneapolis, Minn.
J. P. Edwards,	Nashville, Tenn.
Benj. H. Smith,	Denver, Col.
Joseph Rhoads, Jr.,	Plainfield, Ind.
Geo. B. Kirkbride,	Minneapolis, Ind.
John R. Vail,	Crittenden, Ariz.
J. Henley Morgan,	Kansas City, Mo.
B. L. Crew,	Richmond, Ohio.
L. L. Hobbs,	New Garden, N. C.
W. W. Pharo,	Tuckerton, N. J.

Jacob P. Jones,	Philadelphia.
Edward B. Garrigues,	Philadelphia.
Robert Valentine,	Bellefonte, Pa.
Richard Wistar,	Philadelphia.
Alex. A. Richmond,	New York City.
Richard L. Folwell,	Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
J. W. Pinkham, M. D.,	Mont Clair, N. J.
Robert Underhill,	Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Wm. Jacob,	Mansfield, Mass.
Jonathan Dickinson,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
J. H. Haines,	Collins, N. Y.
James L. Lynch,	Marshall, Mo.

APPENDIX.

HAVERFORD SCHOOL, 1833.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 1883.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

TO ALL HAVERFORDIANS:

On the 28th day of Tenth month, 1833, Haverford School was opened with twenty-one scholars. It has been deemed well by the Society of the Alumni of Haverford College (the outgrowth of that modest school) to celebrate appropriately the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, and to this end arrangements have been perfected to invite to the College, on the 27th day of the Tenth month, 1883, all those who have at any time been of the brotherhood of her students. The early part of the day will be devoted to athletic pastimes and to viewing the halls and grounds; luncheon will be served about midday; in the afternoon will be held a public meeting of the Alumni Association, at which will be delivered the address by John B. Garrett, of Philadelphia (1854), and a poem by Francis B. Gummere, of New Bedford (1872), to be followed by a supper in the evening for ex-students of Haverford.

The invitation sent herewith it is earnestly hoped will be accepted by the recipient, who is most cordially invited to revisit his *Alma Mater* as the guest of the Alumni Association. In the interests of the College to which we owe a lasting debt of gratitude and affection, and in whose present standing and repute we feel such a pride—for the sake of the others who would fain see your faces once again—and that you may live over for a space the days of your youth, “the dear, the brief, the forever remembered,” we ask your presence.

It is particularly requested that an immediate answer to the inclosed card of invitation be sent to Joseph Parrish, No. 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and that such of you as can be with us shall state whether you intend to bring with you any members of your immediate families, whose welcome shall be as hearty as your own.

JOSEPH PARRISH, *Chairman.*

THOMAS CHASE,
EDWARD BETTLE, JR.,
ISAAC F. WOOD,

JAMES C. THOMAS,
EDWARD C. SAMPSON,
HENRY T. COATES,
Committee on Invitations.

1833.

1883.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE,

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

TENTH MONTH 27TH, 1883.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DAY.

Trains will run from the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, Broad and Market Streets, from Philadelphia to Haverford College, at 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 10.15, and 11.45 A. M., and 12.45, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15 and 6.45 P. M.

Visitors should allow ample time to obtain *Excursion Tickets* to Haverford College, at Broad Street Station. The railroad checks are not tickets.

Return trains from Haverford College to Philadelphia, at 12.51, 2.21, 3.21, 3.51, 4.36, 5.51, 6.21, 7.21, 7.51, 8.51, 9.21, 10.21, and 11.21 P. M.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Haverford College for Philadelphia at 10.40 P. M.

An attendance of over six hundred is assured, including representatives of every class since the foundation; and it is hoped that many who have not accepted, will yet be able to do so.

All ex-students are particularly requested, immediately upon arrival, to register in a book for the purpose, kept in the collection room, at Barclay Hall. This is important, as the book will be presented to the College Library.

The ladies' cloak room is in the east end of Founders' Hall, first floor.

The gentlemen's cloak room is in Barclay Hall, north end of basement, entrance opposite Founders' Hall.

Accommodation for horses and carriages is provided in the woods north of the College.

Any further information will be furnished by members of the Reception Committee, who will be designated by badges, and whose office will be in Barelay Hall.

Cricket ground adjoining Maple Avenue. Base-ball ground is by the Observatory. Foot-ball ground is on the north side of Founders' Hall. Lawn tennis courts adjoin Founders' Hall.

Luncheon will be served on the first floor of Founders' Hall, from 1 to 2.30 P. M.

A game of Rugby foot-ball will be played, (Junior Class *vs.* The College) at 2 P. M., on the base-ball ground.

The public meeting of the Alumni Association will be held in Alumni Hall, at 3.30 P. M.

Supper for Haverfordians and invited guests will be served on the first floor of Founders' Hall, at 6.30 P. M.

After supper an informal meeting of Haverfordians will be held under the lindens in front of Founders' Hall, when remarks may be expected from many of the brethren, and a number of very interesting letters from former sons of Haverford will be read. Should the weather be inclement the meeting will take place in Alumni Hall.

The College quadrangle will be illuminated in the evening by the Thomson-Houston electric light.

By order of

Committee on Invitations.

1833-1883.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE FOUNDATION OF

HAYERFORD SCHOOL IN 1833

AT

HAYERFORD COLLEGE

CENTH MONTH 27TH, 1883.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ALUMNI COMMITTEE, in charge of Athletic Sports, have arranged for games according to the programme on the following page. It is expected that a sufficient number of old students will attend to allow this programme to be carried out as proposed. The large number of students now at the College will supply any deficiency.

It will assist the Committee, if ex-students who intend to take part will notify the Chairman, No. 523 Market Street, Philadelphia, and state which game they prefer.

The cricket matches will begin at 9.30 A. M., and the base-ball match at 11 A. M. Players should be on hand promptly at beginning of the games, otherwise their places will be filled.

HOWARD COMFORT, 1870,
Chairman.

HENRY COPE, 1869.

WILLIAM H. HAINES, 1871.

PROGRAMME.

A VETERANS' GAME OF CRICKET, in which only the incompetent will participate ; underhand bowling only permitted.

A PLAYERS' GAME OF CRICKET, for those who indulge in the game habitually or occasionally. Another game can be played on the ground if necessary.

A GAME OF BASE-BALL, to be played according to the rules in vogue ten or fifteen years ago : honest pitching instead of curved throwing.

A GAME OF FOOT-BALL, on the most liberal principles.

LAWN-TENNIS COURTS, as many as necessary, will be prepared. Those intending to play will please bring their own rackets ; with this exception, all necessary implements will be provided.

 Trains leave Broad Street Station at 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 10.15 A. M.

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

OF

HAVERFORD COLLEGE,

TENTH MONTH 4TH, 1884,

BY

JAMES TYSON, A. M., M. D.,

OF THE CLASS OF 1860.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF A MODERN COLLEGE EDUCATION.

"Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso."

These are the words of warning written me by one whom Haverford has known as student, teacher, and distinguished alumnus, and I as classmate, and valued friend of more than five and twenty years, on learning that I would speak to-day of college education. Doubtless, it would have been well for me and for you had this warning been heeded. But like the moth irresistibly drawn to the flame which destroys it, I seem impelled to this topic of burning importance, although conscious that I shall fall far short of its adequate treatment. Certain it is, too, that I cannot claim excuse because the subject has lacked consideration at the hands of others well qualified to discuss it. For it is as little likely to be disputed as to be complained of that college education has received more and closer attention in the past quarter of a century than during any like period in its history. Notwithstanding this, there remain decided differences in the views of those whose knowledge, training, and experience qualify them to speak with authority. It has been well said by one* who possesses all the essentials of authority named, that a great obstacle in the way of a correct conclusion is "the common belief of most educated men in the indispensableness of the subjects in which they were themselves instructed." To this should be added the belief of many in the uselessness of that in which they have not been instructed. It must be admitted that we are all the victims of prejudice, and I will not attempt to decide which of the two categories contains the larger number, although I believe that it will be

* Professor Eliot, paper read before the members of Johns Hopkins University, February 22d, 1884.

generally conceded that the latter includes at least as many as the former.

What has been the general result of the discussion up to the present time is not difficult to indicate. In general it may be said that the attention given to the study of English and English literature has been increased, that to natural sciences and modern languages has been greatly increased, and that to mathematics and the classics diminished. The statement with regard to the last two, requires, however, some modification, at least so far as the older colleges are concerned, indeed, all those existing twenty-five years ago. Opportunities even ampler than those afforded at that time are now given to those who desire them, but these studies are made more largely elective. Indeed, it should be said that one of the most important results of the discussion has been that the system of electing studies is more general. Further enlarged elective opportunities are offered in the Semitic and Indo-Iranian languages, more particularly at Harvard College.

In a number of younger colleges which have arisen within this period, particularly in the West and South, the secondary importance attached to the classics is seen in the fact that they, and especially the Greek, are no longer required for admission, even of the candidate for the B. A. degree. With regard to some of these colleges, at least, there is sufficient cause to believe that the reason for this omission lies in the fact that were these languages required the colleges would cease to exist. They are, in truth, colleges in name but not in fact.

A further effect of these changes has been to modify the title of degrees conferred. It has appeared to most governing bodies that the degree of Bachelor of Arts should no longer be conferred upon those students in whose courses of study the classics are altogether substituted by a larger proportion of scientific or technical studies. To such the degree of Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Philosophy is given, or Bachelor of Civil or Mining Engineering where technical studies preparatory to professional life have been pursued. Some institutions, as Swarthmore College, have provided a degree of Bachelor of Letters for those who pursue especially the study of modern languages

and literature, including English. It must be admitted that the number of these degrees has increased to an unfortunate extent. They are so numerous that one is often puzzled to interpret them, and sometimes the same initials are used to indicate different degrees. Within a few days I have seen a diploma which conferred the degree of Bachelor of English, the letters for which are of course the same as those of Bachelor of Engineering. It need scarcely be said that reference is here intended to degrees in course. It is a healthful sign that the higher, or masters' and doctors' degrees are being gradually hedged in by wholesome restrictions which make them at once fewer and of greater significance. They are, however, still far too numerous, and too indiscriminately conferred.

By common consent the degree of Bachelor of Arts has heretofore been regarded as the mark of a liberal education, and since the institution of additional degrees, as implying higher attainments than most of these. For this degree, in most colleges, the study of Latin and Greek is required during a part of a four years' course; but in some Greek has been omitted from the requirements, and at Harvard College, by a recent action, while Greek is still required for admission, its continuance is made elective. Where Greek is omitted from the requirements, French and German are sometimes substituted.

It is needless to say that the value of these various degrees must depend largely upon the practices of the institution conferring them, and it is of course not impossible that the man possessing a degree in Science or Literature may be more liberally educated than one holding an A. B. degree. Granted, however, that a man may have a liberal education without ever having studied Latin and Greek, no one will deny that he is not more liberally educated who has had, in addition to any curriculum which a college faculty may consider as meeting the requirements, the further advantage of whatever there is useful in the study of the classics. So, too, unquestionably, the modern scholar who has added to the requirements of the older curriculum in which the Latin and Greek claimed a larger share of attention, a more intimate knowledge of English literature, history, the modern languages with natural and political science,

is certainly more liberally educated than he who possesses the former only. It is plain then that there are liberal educations and more liberal educations, but since the A. B. degree has heretofore implied that its possessor has devoted considerable attention to Latin and Greek, and it still seems desirable that such person should have a distinctive title, there can be none more appropriate than this time honored one. And if pains be taken to exact from him who covets the A. B. degree such training as the growth of knowledge in modern times demands, *in addition* to the classics, it can scarcely happen that the man untaught in Latin and Greek will have a more liberal education than he who has been instructed in these languages. I would so add to the requirements for the B. A. as to make it retain the pre-eminence it has always held. I would make it mean more rather than less.

The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: Given in a boy's life a certain amount of time to be devoted to college education, how shall it be most profitably spent? From the somewhat indifferent standpoint of one outside of a college faculty directly concerned in such instruction, and at the same time in a position to watch its results, it appears to me that, ignoring for the time being the question as to what constitutes a liberal education, the answer must vary with the intended career of the boy and the time at his disposal. It has already been said that the development of the natural sciences, the growth of English literature, and the demands of modern civilization, justly require that more time shall be devoted to English and other modern languages, to natural and political science. Now, since it is impossible to give to them the increased time and attention without taking from that formerly devoted to the classics, one of two things is necessary, either more time must be given, or that formerly devoted to Latin and Greek must be curtailed.

The idea of extending the college course has not claimed much attention, and perhaps at present would not be favorably entertained by many. At the same time, much, if not all the difficulty in the way of a truly liberal education would be obviated by such a course, as I think will presently appear. Considering it from the standpoint of a curtailment of the classics,

the end would be partially accomplished by increasing the requirements for admission to college. This has been done in some instances, but the general uniformity in these requirements, as adopted by the best colleges throughout the country, not by the horde of low-grade schools and so-called universities which have sprung up in the South and West since the Rebellion, would go to show that the proper amount is about reached. But in so far as it is to be met by a shortening of the time formerly devoted to Latin and Greek, it can be regulated by the proposed occupation of the student. If it be said in reply to this, that many boys enter college without a definite idea as to their future career, I say this need not be if the attention of the boy, his parents or guardians, be directed to the matter as it should be. And if it so happen that there are such, they must submit to an election by others whose experience has qualified them to determine the best average course of study, independent of a preparation for a future career. Such course I believe to be the ordinary curriculum for the A. B. degree, as carried out by the better class of colleges.

Given, however, a boy of sixteen to eighteen years of age, and who has four years to spend at college, how shall this be most profitably occupied in accordance with the idea suggested? In the first place, shall his preparatory education be different, according as he may be intended for one of the so-called liberal professions, or for engineering, or practical chemistry, for business or political life? Here at once we are met with the question of languages. All agree that the boy shall be familiar with arithmetic and English grammar, be able to spell correctly, to frame a fair English sentence, have a general knowledge of geography and history, of algebra and plane geometry. What languages then shall he prepare? Now, while I deem it not unreasonable to expect a boy to have at least a general idea of what his future career is to be when he enters college, it cannot be expected that he should always know much earlier than this. Should this happen to be the case, all the better, and the modifications in the course of study presently to be suggested may begin at such time. Granted, however, that this is not so, the object must be

to secure a preliminary training which may be a common point of departure whence may diverge the different courses of study adapted to the various occupations of modern life. Indeed, my own observation would go to show that whatever the future career of the student, it is most profitable for the entire collegiate class to pursue the same studies during the first or freshman year, which is, after all, largely a year of molding and pruning, of training and development. It is the opinion of college professors of large experience with whom I have conversed, that the developmental changes produced in the student are far more marked during this year of his college life than during any other. So surprising is it, indeed, that it is sometimes scarcely possible to recognize in the polished and pliant sophomore the crude and uncouth freshman of the year previous.

I hold that in such a preliminary training, the languages, of which it is reasonable to demand at least two, should be those which aid him most in the study of his own, and prepare him for the study of such others as may subsequently appear desirable. That the Latin is such a language seems to be generally conceded. I have never met a single person possessing even moderate acquirements in Latin, together with a knowledge of one or more modern languages, who was not willing to admit that his study, not only of French, Spanish, and Italian, but also of English, had been greatly facilitated by such knowledge. In view of this fact, and this other that the ablest opponents of what may be called the older system of college education are almost all willing that Latin should retain its place in the curricula, I deem it unnecessary to occupy your time with any more extended attempt to show that this language should be one of those pursued preparatory to college. I will simply add that it has occurred to me within the past year to know a boy who had had all the advantages of an excellent English school, under a master who enjoyed an especial reputation for excellence in teaching English grammar. The lad had been subjected to the usual drill, had been over and over again the rules of grammar, and had made some progress in the study of German, but seemed to get no idea of parsing and the construction of sentences until he had become well advanced in his Latin studies.

Much more difficult is it to select the second language. But taking the physician's method of diagnosis by exclusion, I quickly eliminate the French, which is so easily acquired, taxes the mind, relatively, so little, in its acquirement, and is as yet so little needed in the every-day of life. By which I do not wish to be understood as placing a low estimate on French as an accomplishment. On the other hand, it should form a part of every liberal education, and in certain occupations it is indispensable for the highest success. I am simply referring now to the time at which it may be most advantageously studied. Personal illustrations, I know, are not in the best taste, but I cannot refrain from saying that I never spent more than one quarter in the systematic study of French, and that was after I left college. Yet, thanks to the Latin which Haverford gave me, and this one quarter's instruction, I can read fairly well the French literature of my own profession, and I feel certain that in three months of systematic study I could acquire a facility which it has taken me years to acquire in German, in which, too, my reading is altogether technical.

The German, on the other hand, with its splendid literature, its practical availability, and the discipline which the greater difficulty in its acquirement exercises, contests strongly with the Greek the second place in the preparatory education. Like Greek, it is a more difficult language than either the Latin or French. It, too, has words corresponding to the Greek particles in their delicate shades of meaning and significance, when correctly translated. So that, although less difficult than Greek, its disciplinary effect is similar. And while I think it makes very little difference which of these languages is studied first if the other is to be afterward acquired, I am inclined to believe, on account of the possible practical availability of the German to one whose college course may be accidentally interfered with, that an elective permitting Latin and German, or Latin and German with a smaller amount of Greek than is usually demanded, would meet the language requirement. In such case, if the B. A. degree is sought, it would, of course, be necessary, in accordance with the views already expressed, to prolong the study of Greek further into the course than is now done, or until what is deemed a satisfactory amount is accomplished.

Such a condition of admission to college, it appears to me, would meet the requirements of any special course of study intended to be adapted to the student's future. This preliminary education being secured, we are ready to indicate the course to be followed, according to the career selected. Is the boy destined to be a civil engineer? Then must mathematics, physics, and drawing, together with the technical studies proper, be the pivotal centre around which everything must move. And since the people of existing nations are the sources whence his knowledge, both present and future, is to come, and especially through the medium of French, German, and English writings, the languages in which these are found should be especially studied, and so thoroughly mastered by the future engineer that they may be made available in his every-day business life. Whether with all the time that can be allotted to these languages such a mastery is possible, is doubtful, but such a start may, at least, be acquired as will materially facilitate their continued study, which will be stimulated also by the actual requirement of the occupation or the ambition of the man. Of equal importance with the languages, if not paramount, to the civil engineer, is a knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology. And to the mining engineer they are, of course, paramount. A man thus educated has a technical education, and in acquiring it has earned the right to a technical degree. He may be said also to have a liberal education, but less liberal than one who, although divested of the technical training, possesses, in addition to the branches of a liberal education above named, a knowledge of the classics and of their literature, of modern literature, and of the natural sciences. And if it should happen that the engineer has had the time and opportunity to acquire such education, in addition to the technical qualifications which best fit him for his business, will he be in any way inferior as an engineer? There are no theoretical grounds on which one would expect a negative answer, while in point of fact it is a matter of experience in America as well as Germany that the best civil engineers are those who have had a thorough classical training.

Is the boy to be a practical chemist or geologist? Here, too, the primary and fundamental branches of study after the pre-

liminary training are easily indicated—physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology. Here, too, the modern languages are vastly useful, and after these the natural sciences, especially botany, and to the geologist, palæontology. But the advantage of the classical training to such students as determined by actual experiment are set forth in the celebrated Berlin Report. By a decree of the Government in December, 1870, the students of the Realschule or Scientific Schools of the first class were admitted to the University of Berlin on a par with those of the Gymnasias or colleges.* At the end of ten years the Philosophical

* That a correct conception may be obtained of the studies and time devoted to them in the Prussian *Realschule* of the first class, as compared with the German *Gymnasias*, I append a table containing the studies pursued in each and the number of hours allotted to each study per week.

General Plan of Studies of the Prussian Gymnasium:

	VI.	V.	IV.	III.	II.	I.
Religion,	3	3	2	2	2	2
German,	2	2	2	2	2	3
Latin,	10	10	10	10	10	8
Greek,			6	6	6	6
French,		3	2	2	2	2
History and Geography,	2	2	3	3	3	3
Mathematics,	4	3	3	3	4	4
Physics,					1	2
Natural History,	2	2		2		
Drawing,	2	2	2			
Writing,	3	3				
Total number of hours in each week, . .	28	30	30	30	30	30

General Plan of Studies of the Prussian Realschule of the First Rank.

	VI.	V.	IV.	III.	II.	I.
Religion,	3	3	2	2	2	2
German,	4	4	3	3	3	3
Latin,	8	6	6	5	3	3
French,		5	5	4	4	4
English,				4	3	3
Geography and History,	3	3	4	4	3	3
Physical and Natural Science,	2	2	2	2	6	6
Mathematics,	5	4	6	6	5	5
Writing,	3	4	2			
Drawing,	2	2	2	2	3	3
Total number of hours in each week, . .	30	31	32	32	32	32

Faculty reported the results of their experience as to the effect of the arrangement, and as a part of the report we have from the Professor of Chemistry the statement "that students from the Scientific Schools cannot, in this branch of study (chemistry), be placed on the same plane with the students of the *Gymnasien*," while, according to the unanimous verdict of experienced teachers in the departments of mathematics and the natural sciences, graduates of the *Realschule* are almost without exception over-

No account is taken in the above plans of the hours given to singing and gymnastics, or to Hebrew in the *Gymnasium*, the time so devoted falling either wholly or in part outside of the regular school hours. I and II, and generally III, represent two years study each, the others represent single years. It will be observed that in the *Realschule*, Greek is altogether omitted, while the time devoted to Latin is reduced nearly one-half; the twenty-six hours thus gained, with eleven hours additional, being devoted to English and to increase the time already given to German, French, mathematics, and the physical and natural sciences.

The German boy enters the *Gymnasium* and *Realschule* at nine, and leaves it at eighteen. The *Gymnasium*, which is usually compared with the American College, is not, therefore, strictly comparable to it, since the average age of admission here is at least fifteen, and many boys do not enter college until eighteen or older. What is known as the Philosophical Faculty of the German Universities, as distinguished from the Faculties of Theology, of Law, and of Medicine, is rather comparable to the last two years of the American College of the first class, including both its Faculty of Arts and Faculty of Science. The question of the division of the German Philosophical Faculty is one which has for some time agitated the mind of the German Government as well as the academic circles immediately connected with the instruction, and is discussed in the inaugural address of Dr. Hoffman, the Professor of Chemistry, on assuming the Rectorship of the University of Berlin, on October 15th, 1880—an address much quoted, which discusses, too, the question as to whether the graduates of the *Realschule* shall be admitted to the Universities under the same conditions as those of the *Gymnasien*. This division of the Philosophical Faculty, would resolve it into two faculties, of which one would include the natural and physical sciences and mathematics, the other, philosophy, philology, history, and political science. Another mode of division would divide the Philosophical Faculty into three—one for philology, history, and philosophy; one for mathematics and the natural sciences, and one for political science.

This division is generally opposed in Germany and Austria, and has, as yet, only taken place in the University of Tübingen and the new University of Strassburg, although in the University of Würzburg and that of Munich the Philosophical Faculty is divided into two sections. At Strassburg each section has its separate dean, but at Würzburg both have one dean, who is taken from each by turn.

taken in the later semesters by students from the Gymnasias, however much they may excel them in the same branches in the first semester.* And although my friend, Professor James, of the University of Pennsylvania, claims that the conclusions drawn from this report are not justified, as my object at present is only to show that the classical training would be a good thing for the student of science if he could have it in addition to the modern education, I do not think he will accuse me of making an unwarranted use of it. Further, it is to be remembered that the curricula of the Realschule in Germany contain at least as much of Latin as the average American curriculum for the B. A. degree.

Our student will be a physician, and he will be the very best that can be made. Here I will say the Latin is indispensable, a certain amount of Greek also, while the value of a thorough classical training can scarcely be overestimated. No one needs to have so well trained a mind as the doctor, for no one has such difficult, and at the same time such important problems to solve or such shifting will-o'-the-wisp-like data. To my mind the fact that the articles of the *materia medica* have still Latin names, that prescriptions are written in Latin, and that the Latin is still the language of polyglot nations to indicate anatomical parts and diseased processes, is a small reason why the student of medicine should be well drilled in Latin and Greek. It is one of the best balance wheels to his reasoning.

I have never known a man with a thorough Greek and Latin training to become other than a scientific physician. And it is of such unspeakable advantage to him in the study of the collateral sciences, all of which seem indispensable to the cultivated physician—physics, chemistry, botany, biology, and even mineralogy and geology—all must be his. What labor of dictionary hunting is he saved in his early as well as later reading! Indeed, so rapidly are new words coined in medical science, and the sciences collateral to it, that no dictionary can keep pace with them. All of these come from the Latin and Greek, and are as plain to the good classical scholar as if he had coined

* Dr. Hoffman's address, p. 31. English translation by Ginn, Heath & Co. Boston, 1883.

them himself. And I happen to know that medical students sometimes depend exclusively upon their Latin and Greek lexicons instead of getting a medical dictionary. But to the doctor, French and German, and especially German, are equally indispensable, at least so far as an ability to read them is concerned, and he must acquire them sometime in the course of his education, professional or preparatory, if he would be a physician of the first rank. Now, having acquired all my knowledge of these languages—which although not exhaustive is sufficient to enable me to make almost daily use of them—after leaving college, with the Haverford training of my day in Latin and Greek, I may be pardoned for believing that it is sufficient if they be taken up in the Junior year in place of the Latin and Greek, which, with sufficient requirement for admission, should be concluded by that time by all except those who expect to become teachers of languages or philologists.

But while the possession of the foregoing attainments, in addition to a thorough professional training and devotion to his profession, may be all that is necessary to enable a physician to treat disease as successfully as it can be treated, yet nothing contributes more to the essentials which go to make a successful doctor than the refined case which grows out of a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of English literature and of history, and which is further contributed to by the advantages of travel and social intercourse.

So that in the case of the physician there really seems no other way than to lengthen the college curriculum; for it appears that he ought to have everything which goes to make up a liberal education. But, alas, I am sorry to say he still often has least.

I believe I may say, too, without fear of contradiction, that all that I have said of the educational requirements of the doctor, outside of his technical training, is equally true of the teacher, the dignity and importance of whose calling, I hold, is second to none.

The law demands less of its students, outside of the technical education, than does medicine. The natural sciences do not come so close to the lawyer as to the doctor, but a train-

ing in them cannot but develop acuteness of observation and the skill in debate which he is so often called upon to exercise. The fountain head of law was Rome, and the oratorical power which contributes so much to the strength of the lawyer has some of its finest illustrations in the Greek and Roman orators, who are best studied in the original. History and literature are pre-eminently the domain whence the lawyer acquires much that makes him effective and useful, while political economy and questions of finance and government are closely collateral subjects, which become of paramount importance if he would enter upon a political career. I have the authority of Charles Francis Adams for saying what my own more limited observation has led me to conclude, that the law makes less demand upon modern languages for its resources than any profession or scientific study, so that it would seem that for the lawyer the best preliminary training is the older college course, modified, as it now is, by the addition of history, literature, and natural and political science. Whether the incalculable advantage of the modern languages in the diplomatic service, which is so largely recruited from lawyers, is sufficiently important to require them from all law students, I am not prepared to say.

The ministry, as it is commonly called, has held a peculiar position in its relations to liberal education. While it has been claimed, on the one hand, that not only the Latin and Greek, but also the Hebrew and Sanscrit, are the peculiar field of study whence is to be obtained all that is potent to make the clergyman efficient and useful—and we find our best scholars in these languages among them—yet the most stirring and abiding teachings have come from those who were illiterate. At the same time, there are probably few who will contend that the effectiveness of the illiterate preacher might not have been increased by a broader culture. And it seems to me that the minister of the future must have a broader culture still than is furnished by his Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, his philosophy, history, and literature. Hereafter the natural sciences must claim his attention equally with Biblical and linguistic studies if he will continue to be our respected guide in religion and morals. Biology, anatomy of the lower animals and of man, must claim a large share of his

attention. Provision for such studies is sadly deficient in the schools especially set apart for the teaching of theology. Neither in the Divinity School connected with Harvard University, nor at Yale College, do I find such. On the other hand, in the Academic department of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, I find most liberal arrangements of this kind.

In my judgment, even more than the physician, should the preacher be broadly educated. He should be linguist, naturalist, physicist, well read in literature, expert in debate—indeed, should know all things well. He, indeed, ought to have a liberal education in its broadest sense. And yet, perhaps, more often than physicians are clergymen found one-sided in their training.

While it must be admitted that it is neither possible nor necessary in all cases to insist upon a college education as a prerequisite to success in mercantile life, and while there may still be some who have not had the advantages of such training, who may disclaim against it as useless and even disadvantageous to the man of business, I believe that most will agree with me that where a liberal education is possible it is at least no drawback to success. If we seek any special line of study which may be peculiarly suitable in the preparation for such a career, it must be admitted that the modern languages will probably be more useful than the dead, and that accounting and political science, rather than philosophy, literature, and history, will best serve the future business man. At the same time there can be no more effectual rest for a brain wearied with business cares than the fields of natural science and of literature. And I am quite sure there would be fewer business failures on the one hand and fewer shattered minds on the other, if men of business had some scientific hobby to which to turn in moments of leisure. It is an interesting fact in connection with the recent assemblage of scientists in Philadelphia, that so many of our English guests were alike conspicuous as scientists and business men. While our own country furnishes a few instances of the same kind, they are by no means as numerous as they should be for the interests of science or business.

Such, in my opinion, is the common sense of college education. Since it is impossible to compass in the four years of

an ordinary curriculum the knowledge accumulated during the many centuries of the world's existence, and since a limitation has become necessary, the basis of selection naturally becomes the future career of the student. That such a career, for its highest success, requires different degrees in a liberal education, is evident, while it is plain also that in certain professions and occupations the most liberal education is more important than in others. It would seem that this is the conclusion to which any one must come who looks at both sides of the great question.

With a decided partiality toward the classical culture, and a preference that my own son should pursue a collegiate course, in which the study not only of Latin, but of Greek also, precedes that of the modern languages, feeling confident that if provision is made for the latter in the Junior year, as much and more will be accomplished than if they were studied earlier, to the exclusion of the classics, I cannot fail to see the force of certain arguments brought forward by the advocates of the newer education, and I have endeavored to mold my curriculum in accordance with them. But I know, too, that it is quite possible to add to the older curriculum much that is demanded by the growth of knowledge, without materially weakening its best features; and thus there may be added not only the modern languages, but also an amount of English literature and of the natural sciences which will decidedly broaden the resulting culture.

I was not aware, until I looked into the matter closely, how nearly the present course at Haverford accords with this view, which I deem the natural result of a fair and unprejudiced examination of the subject. In my time, the Latin and Greek ran throughout the entire four years, and we were taught no modern languages whatever. We were taught chemistry well, better, as I afterward learned, than at any contemporary college with which I could compare it. And I found that at the medical school which I entered, I had no need to study chemistry. Haverford had taught me as much, although I am happy to say that the chemistry at that same medical school is a very different thing to-day from what it was then. We were well instructed at Haverford in the physics of the day; were taught some geology, but very little

botany and no zoology. Now, I note by the catalogue, and one can always be sure that what is laid down in Haverford's catalogue is carried out, that the required Latin and Greek terminate with the Sophomore year, and yet as much of both is read as in my time, while the corresponding hours in the Junior and Senior year may be devoted to French, German, Anglo-Saxon, and even Hebrew. In addition, there are found botany, zoology, anatomy, physiology and hygiene, with extended opportunities in English literature. The department of philosophy, always full, including psychology, metaphysics, moral philosophy, natural and revealed religion and logic, is in no way curtailed. The additional hours required for the important subjects of a modern education, are also partly furnished by making elective certain mathematical studies, which, in our day, were required throughout the entire course. That the mathematical course of that day, which included practical astronomy, was a complete one, I infer from the fact that including electives, it contains no more to-day than then. Valuable hours are thus secured, while sufficient time is still left to secure the training and discipline which are the *raison d'être* of the higher mathematics to those who will not use them practically in after life.

It is now nearly five and twenty years since the Class of 1860, of which I was a member, was graduated from Haverford. In those days no stately Barclay Hall greeted the stranger entering our grounds from the east. No Gothic Alumni Hall bounded the western view. There was only plain, yellow-coated Founders' Hall, which with the Observatory and Gymnasium constituted our College. The old collecting-room, which witnessed all our exercises, including those of junior exhibition and commencement, is now, I believe, the dining-room; the school room in which all but seniors were then required to sit at desks during a part of the day, and an hour in the evening, is a class room, and the remainder of the old building has been apparently put to altogether new uses, with which I am not familiar.

The railroad which wound along our eastern boundary is removed, and this change has a confusing effect upon the old

student returning after long absence. But Haverford, though changed and improved, is still, I am glad to say, much the same. There are the same societies—the Loganian, the Athenæum, and Everett—and the Dorian Cricket Club, of which I was a member, seems to be the Club of to-day. The sharp crack of the cricket bat rings as of old through the clear October air, the same old trees look down upon us, and the same shaded walks and bowers invite us to linger. The same restfulness pervades, the same homelike comfort exists, the same welcome awaits her returning sons and revives in them the slumbering longing for the old days forever past.

The Class of 1860 was a lusty one. Numbering twelve, it was the largest graduated up to its date, and has not been often exceeded in this respect since. I have no doubt the united stature of the men was greater than that of any other twelve who were ever graduated, so many tall ones were there among us. The class was one of strong individuality, mental as well as physical. Who who knew him will ever forget Lindley M. Clark? His slightly bent but still tall and impressive figure, his deliberate movement, his gentleness and modesty, united with great firmness and strength of purpose, are easily recalled. His far-seeing discernment and interest in public affairs bespoke for him, had his life been spared, a position in the councils of the nation. But his was a physique illy adapted to the confinement of the close student's life, and symptoms of ill health even while among us, were doubtless the earliest manifestations of disease which culminated in a fatal consumption, little more than a year after he left College.

A contrast to Clark, in many respects, although always associated with him in my mind, was Cyrus Lindley. Quick in movement and cheerful in temperament, he was the champion walker, and with his friend, the sunny and lamented Dick Chase, of "'61," left little unexplored within many miles of Haverford. The first of our class to marry, as teacher, farmer, preacher, he still lives, reveling, as he writes me, in the memory of those blissful Haverford associations.

No less conspicuous was Silas A. Underhill. As tall as Clark, and more erect, I mostly see him towering above all

others in the fray of the shinny ground, or resting watchfully on his long shinny, awaiting the ball which was sure to go home with his well-directed blow. Enlisting as a private soldier, and continuing such from principle throughout the entire Rebellion, he survived its vicissitudes and dangers, and practices law in the Brooklyn courts, having thus far escaped the bonds of matrimony.

William B. Corbit was characterized while at College by his enthusiastic devotion to the classics, especially Greek. He studied medicine, but the languages, ancient and modern, were ever his favorite study, and what was at first a pastime subsequently became an occupation; for in 1874 he entered the service of the Government, assisting the late Dr. Woodward in the preparation of the *Medical History of the War*, in which work his accurate and painstaking translations were of peculiar value. He married in 1875, and died in 1882.

Theodore H. Morris, expert mathematician and cricketer, Fred. W. Morris, classical scholar, essayist, and poet, and Richard Pancoast, English scholar and humorist, were the triumvirate under which the Athenæum Society reached the acme of a brilliant prosperity in our day. All three are successful business men. Theodore H. Morris was the first of our class to send a son to Haverford, and Fred. W. will doubtless soon follow his example. Pancoast, however, still remains a bachelor.

Francis Richardson, brilliant in all things, but first of his class in mathematics, was also a famous pedestrian, inclined to solitary pedestrianism, but was devoted also to "shinny," and was a strong man to have on one's side. Nurseryman, farmer, normal school superintendent, projector, builder, president of toll-roads and bridges, savings bank director, and secretary of a Norfolk Civil Service Reform Association, he writes checrily of the present, although his earlier post-Haverford life was saddened by the death of wife and child.

The general scholarly attainments and a decided ability in debate, while at College, led us to believe that John W. Pinkham would probably enter the legal profession. Some of us were therefore somewhat surprised to learn that he had graduated in medicine, and was practicing in Mont Clair, N. J., where his success had been all that could be desired.

Who does not recall with pleasure the bashful Willie Corlies, on whose lips the smile of pleasure or the curl of contempt were alike becoming. An excellent English and Latin scholar, mathematics were his detestation. Soon after leaving College, he entered mercantile life, which was not much to his taste, and failing health led him to seek foreign lands. After traveling for a time he settled in Paris, where he led the life of a student and also married. Bad health, however, again overtook him, and after two years of weary but patient suffering he died of the same fell disease which destroyed his classmate, Clark. He is buried at Royan, on the coast of France, where a simple stone marks his resting-place, located, in accordance with his request, on the shore of the ocean which washed his native land.

And what of him who was the junior and has become the learned one of our class? Clement L. Smith was scarce seventeen when he was graduated, but the germ of the Harvard Latin professor lay in the Latin scholar of Haverford, and the oration, "*De Alexandro Secundo, Russiarum Imperatore*," was a fitting commencement to a career, as stages in which may be mentioned assistant professor at Haverford, professor at Swarthmore, tutor, assistant professor, and professor at Harvard. The Dean of the College Faculty of Harvard University requires no further touch from the brush of his classmate.

Such, in brief, has been the fate of the Class of '60. While death has removed a fourth of our number, fortune has not been unkind to the remainder, and a reasonable success has met our efforts in the various paths of life we have chosen, so that in the main our lines have fallen in pleasant places. And while it is not for us to speak of our merits, I may be indulged to say to our revered mother, that I know of no demerits of these, her twelve sons, the narration of which need put her to the blush of shame.

THE
SEMI-CENTENNIAL
COLLEGIAN,

PUBLISHED EVERY FIFTY YEARS
BY THE

HAVERFORD LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

NUMBER ONE.

1834-1884.

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THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL COLLEGIAN.

1834-1884.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Near the end of the year 1883 the HAVERFORD LOGANIAN SOCIETY bethought itself that the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation was close at hand, and resolved to invite its old members to join with it in some fitting celebration of the event. It was found that but few weeks remained before the date of the anniversary, and it was impossible to make any very elaborate preparation for it. It was concluded, however, to provide a supper and hold a meeting afterward, at which remarks should be made by old members and papers read or presented for publication in the form of a semi-centennial number of the old society paper, THE COLLEGIAN. Considering the shortness of the notice, satisfactory provision was made for addresses and papers, and we trust that the present publication will not be deemed unworthy of the literary character of a society which, almost contemporary in its origin with the College itself, has been for fifty years one of the most characteristic features of the place, and one of the most effective influences in the intellectual culture and development of the students.

The supper was served at seven o'clock on the evening of First month 21st, 1884, in the new dining-room (formerly the collection-room) in Founders' Hall, by the same caterer who had given so great satisfaction at the semi-centennial celebration of the College; and the anniversary meeting, of which the first article in this paper is a report, was held directly afterward. A goodly number of old members were present, representing every age, from the septuagenarian to the last year's graduate, and the occasion was one of happy reunions and the exchange of pleasant reminiscences. It was full of encouragement also to the present members, in its manifestation of the honorable history of the Society, and in the stimulating suggestion that *noblesse oblige*.

REPORT
OF THE
SEMI-CENTENNIAL MEETING
OF THE

Haverford Loganian Society, First month 21st, 1885.

PROFESSOR SHARPLESS:

As President of the Loganian Society, I take great pleasure in presenting to you, as presiding officer for the evening, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, President Chase.

PRESIDENT CHASE:

BRETHREN OF THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY:—Although there are very many things I should like to say on this great anniversary, our time is limited, and there is so much of interest to come before you that I will detain you only with a few words of explanation. The Committee of Arrangements found themselves unexpectedly in the close neighborhood of this celebration; therefore no great preparation could be made, and we will trust to the occasion itself, without adhering to any formal programme. This meeting is composed both of honorary and present members of the Society, and is empowered to act upon any business that may come before it independently of any other body.

Before proceeding to the regular business, the announcement was made that a large number of letters had been received by the Committee on Invitations from old members. Many of these were read; and the following extracts from them have been made, as of especial interest:

JOS. WALTON, Moorestown, N. J.:

I have received a circular, inviting my presence at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Haverford Loganian Society, on the 21st inst.

The *name* was suggested, I believe, by my beloved friend and preceptor, the late Daniel B. Smith, who was instrumental in its organization, and it brings up some very interesting reminiscences in my mind.

There is some probability that I shall be so engaged at the time of the proposed reñnion as to prevent my attendance, so that I think it will not be best to include me among those to be arranged for.

JOHN HUNN, Coosaw, S. C.:

At the formation of your Society, I was present ; and after an exciting contest, I was elected Treasnrer thereof, and also had the gratification of paying to my successor in office the sum of six hundred dollars belonging to the said Society.

I left Haverford during the fall of 1834 (in my sixteenth year), and have never seen it since, which I sincerely regret.

During the year 1882, I spent a month in Philadelphia, and had the pleasure of meeting your first President, at his home in Germantown, after an interval of forty-three years. He was nearly ninety years old, and cheerful and lively as of yore. Daniel B. Smith was always loved and respected by his pupils, and deservedly so.

How many of the original founders of the Haverford Loganian Society are yet in this state of existence?

CLARKSON SHEPPARD, Media, Pa.:

Your kind invitation on behalf of the Haverford Loganian Society came to hand this A. M. Upon taking up the pen to reply, a reminiscence of school-boy days came freshly into mind. It is a narrative in Lindley Murray's compilations, entitled "The Vision of Mirza; Exhibiting a Picture of Human Life." Comparing this life to a bridge, he says: "I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches," etc.

Having reached the "broken arches" in my way over the bridge, and, withal, having lost much of the zest which once gave relish to such scenes and entertainments as your kindness invites to, I prefer declining ; and thus early, in accordance with your request, inform yon of this decision.

THOS. F. COCK, M. D., New York :

I did not reply to your kind note of December 25th before this because I was awaiting the return of Joseph Walton's photograph from the picture framer. To-day, however, I have sent the box to your address, per Adams Express, and shall be glad to know if it reaches you safely. It is with great pleasure that I send it, for I doubt whether Joseph would himself have done so, and it will make up a complete representation of the the whole of the first class. It is not likely that ever again you will have a class picture complete.

It gives me great satisfaction to find the College under such excellent administration, and so prosperous that there is no likelihood of a return to the early sample.

In regard to your invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial of the Loganian Society, I am compelled to say, prospective events, due about that time, will prevent my leaving home. And as to a paper relating to the early days of the Society, such a narrative would come with much more unction from Joseph Walton. He was an original member, and my own connection was of later date; and, moreover, he was one of the most constant and useful of its paper readers—I was a regular dead-head. The truth is, during my time, the Society was in swaddling clothes—merely a committee of the whole school—and with no vitality. Doubtless under different auspices it is vigorous, and most certainly it has my best wishes.

If you could kindly convey these words to the members of the Society at their Semi-Centennial meeting, and tell them I forbore for their sakes from schoolboy twaddle, you will greatly oblige, etc.

FRANCIS T. KING, Baltimore :

I was an original member of the Loganian, and the first office I ever held in my life was that of Librarian of this Society; and I well remember, after the lapse of fifty years, how important and honorable I considered the position. I have received no office since that made as much impression upon me as that did.

The Loganian was a training-school to us in many ways; our business association with trained teachers in these meetings gave

us some idea of organizing and conducting business meetings. Much—I was going to say all—was due in my day to our beloved President, Daniel B. Smith; he was a man of large experience, being then connected with all the leading literary and scientific societies in Philadelphia, and the founder of some of them.

He led us into the investigation of such subjects by discussion and reading original essays, and thus developed much latent talent and taste for special outside work among the boys, and stimulated their efforts by going with them on long walks in search of flowers and minerals. With his hauds full of specimens, he illustrated to us, as we hung around him, the beauties and phenomena in nature.

I am sorry to say that I have lost the run of the work of the Society of late, but I feel sure that other good and able men have led you in the same practical way, and now that the students are young men and not boys, that your work and business is stronger than it was fifty years ago.

ROBERT B. HOWLAND, Union Springs, N. Y.:

My connection dates back to 1839. Then the library had about twenty or thirty volumes.

Professor CLEMENT L. SMITH, Cambridge, Mass.:

The invitation to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the Loganian Society is very tempting, after the taste I have recently had of the pleasure of a grand Haverford reunion, and if I were either less remote or less busy, I should certainly not deny myself the enjoyment of a second pilgrimage to the good old place and a second meeting with the "old boys." But being both very busy and very far off, I must content myself with being present in spirit only, and in wishing all who have the privilege of bringing their bodies also to the festival a most merry time.

T. ALLEN HILLES, Wilmington, Del.:

The word "Loganian" means more to some of us than to others, James Logan being my grandfather with several "greats" prefixed.

JAMES L. LYNCH, Marshall, Mo. :

I often feel like a thoughtless son who knew not the daily sacrifices made by a loving mother for his comfort and welfare, but who, now that the snows upon a thousand hills separate him from her, longs to be back in her affectionate embraces.

WILMOT R. JONES, Providence, R. I. :

With what pleasure I should respond again to the roll-call, always to me the call to an intellectual warfare! I should like to measure arms again with some I might name upon the old war-ground.

The Loganian is a practical educator. Long life and honor for all her members!

J. M. HAWORTH, Arkansas City, Kansas :

I should esteem it a very great privilege to be there and enjoy the company of those who will convene upon that interesting occasion.

I fully sympathize with such meetings and reunions, and believe them productive of good, beyond even the social opportunities given.

Should any of the founders of the Society be there, it will certainly be an occasion of great interest to them. But how few of the originators of a society are permitted to attend its semi-centennial celebration! They grow old and pass away, while it, unbent by time or gray by years, lives on in perpetual youth, renewed year by year, and will so continue when the hundredth anniversary shall come and go, and most of those who attended the former celebration have passed into the silent walks of eternity.

I am here arranging for the opening of an Industrial Indian School a few miles from this place, in the Indian Territory, and shall be so engaged until too late to avail myself of the privileges of your invitation.

I have just returned from a trip to the Southwestern agencies, arranging for children to be sent to this school. Near one hundred will start as soon as the weather changes sufficiently to make it safe for them to travel; we have had seventeen degrees below zero in the past few days.

One hundred and twenty-five miles of my journey was in "a stage" facing a cold "norwester," mercury below zero at night.

Four of us started together. One had to be left on the way, at a stage station, with feet too badly frozen to venture farther at that time. The rest of us came through safely, though I had a narrow escape in crossing the river on the ice, which, breaking with me, came near giving me a cold water immersion; by falling forward, and thus covering more space, I was enabled to crawl to shore, getting off with only one foot and leg wet to my knee. The stage being fast in the ice, I walked to a ranch a mile and a half away, and by a good fire dried my clothing and was ready for the journey when the stage came up a couple of hours later, when I came on very thankful that my accident had not been more serious.

I give you these items simply that you may see that there is a good deal of reality in winter traveling on the frontier.

BENJAMIN LADD, Denver, Colo. :

As it is, I wish to send greetings from my home at the foot of the *Rockies* to the Haverford and Loganian boys of '49, for whom I cherish very warm feelings. If I could be with you, I should propose a game of foot-ball on the lawn; for though my hair is growing gray, my heart is still young, and the thoughts of those happy school days make me feel a boy once more.

ABRAM TABER, New Bedford, Mass. :

I really must protest against the swiftness of your operations. You will make a man the rival of Methusaleh before he reaches middle age.

Only a few years ago you Philadelphians invited all the world and the rest of mankind to come to you and celebrate a Centennial. Emboldened by success, it was only a few weeks since that the old school-college went in for a semi-Centennial, and the old green has hardly ceased re-echoing the shouts of the boys before you issue your invitation for another.

It can't be done. Your time isn't calculated for this meridian. You are like a watch when the balance is out of gear and it gets over the twenty-four hours in no time. You are living too fast. We all expect young Quakers when they *do* break

loose to make the most of their opportunity; but two semi-Centennials within sixty days is piling on the agony with entirely too lavish a hand.

No. Count me out—no half-way affairs for me. I guess I'll wait for the next Centennial; it can't be far off.

JOSEPH W. STARR, Steele City, Neb. :

The receipt of another token of remembrance from "dear Haverford" awakened in me a glow that "biting Boreas, fell and dour," though wrought to the frenzy of a Nebraska blizzard, could in no wise chill. How gladly would I revisit those academic groves, though only to wader in the snow beneath their leafless boughs, or through the hall which they shelter, silent of footsteps save my own, as I did on the only visit it has been my pleasure to make to the old scenes since I ceased to be a part of them—how much more gladly to meet even a few men, gray-headed, perhaps, like myself, grown from the ardent and hopeful youth, comrades over a quarter of a century ago, to learn what life has done for each in the way of achievement and instruction, or to speak of those who can never again speak to us of themselves. But the fates will it otherwise, for, deep in that "struggle for existence," wholesome or otherwise as we make it, I must stay by my pigs and calves to prosper them and me, so that my boys, haply, may have opportunity to lay up store of pleasant memories, as I have had. Only in thought can I be with you at your reunion. With this must I content me, and with the knowledge, not without pride, that in my small way I am *of* you, though not *with* you.

How brooding memory warms those old times into new life! The mists of twenty-seven years dissolve into clear ether. Time and distance are annihilated, and there seems a very presence of those far-off scenes that is fairly startling to me in its reality. Indeed, does not my mental vision serve me better than I could expect of the outward eye? At this very moment I am there again, *there*, the *OLD there*. I found Haverford changed, revisiting it after eight' years absence. Still more so should I now. The very approach is different. Not nearly so handsome to me the new station as the little wooden one, where I have known

more than one youngster's heart passingly disturbed from its accustomed serenity by the fair face of a fellow-student's sister. The trees are larger; there are other buildings and stranger faces. I should find the few acquaintances I should meet altered in feature, their brains otherwise occupied than by schoolboy dreams, and should I turn from their changed voices I could find in that stranger throng solitude enough to recall other absent faces and voices only to remember that some of them are shut in and silenced forever by the grave.

Only think! This very night, whilst I have been writing, my own daughter has been busy packing her trunk to *go away to school*, with what of anticipation and aspiration God wots. And my *own* school-days, which time and events, the cares of business, the hardships and dangers of war, the sweet transports of love and courtship, tears shed upon quiet little faces, change of home, spiritual questionings and struggles—a thousand things—should remove so far, are with me still. And with such vividness! I catch myself listening with outward ear for the gruff tones of Cyrus Mendenhall, whose mental and physical strength had in them so much of promise. Again, at sunny noon I recline beneath the purple beech, or trudge the dusty village street in the falling shades of evening with a boon companion, Steve Wood, whose conversational powers delighted me so much. "Uncle" Jim Wood, Satterthwaite, Will Rhodes, the Wistars, Longstreth, Yarnall, and others are with me in the game of foot-ball, the surreptitious use of foils, the recitation-room, at the breakfast of "porgies," and in all those old and various scenes as distinctly as if I saw and heard them. Or, with Joseph Harlan, I am in the observatory, assisting in observations to regulate the clock, his face half sad and wholly sober, as if looking out with those solemn eyes into that other night, "gathering fast," to swallow him from wife and children to dwell forever amid the stars he loved so well. Or in the little meeting-house I study the countenance of Dr. Swift, after he had watched the boys until they had settled into order, increasing in seriousness as he gathered "into the quiet," his gaze directed through the window farther away than the hills upon the horizon, a rapt expression of mingled solemnity and tenderness

deepening in his face until a tear trickling down his cheek would rouse him with a start and a beautiful smile to a sense of his surroundings. Dear old Doctor ! how I used to wish I could follow his thoughts out the window and far away. I wonder if he is training cucumbers out of the windows of heaven ? The Doctor's cucumbers were an early lesson to me of how much beauty there might be in common things. It was in the little meeting-house, also, that I used to hear Sammel Bettle say that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," in such tones that I have ever since wished that I could walk in them.

I remember once that Dr. Swift was disciplining me for supposed misconduct at the table, by requiring my attendance upon him in his recitation-room at all hours through the day except school hours, and a half hour before each meal allowed me for exercise. The Doctor was mistaken as to facts, but shut off my attempted explanation with a horrified exclamation, "Stop ! stop ! when one tries to *justify* himself in evil-doing, he is doubly lost." So, with a feeling of soreness and rebellion on my part (which he readily recognized), and firm determination on his part, we sat down to have it out. No further words passed between us except his regular injunction, "Return immediately after dinner," "Return after school," etc. I took my books with me and occupied myself with study, as he did also. It was quite a strain upon me, as evidently it was on him. On the third day, in the afternoon before supper, my thoughts, unoccupied otherwise, reverted to a dead friend, and so dwelt upon my loss that I was eventually moved to tears. The tears came suddenly, my face toward the Doctor, though not looking at him. With quick hand I dashed them away, but his quicker eye had detected them. Wonderful change ! With look of intense surprise, of pity, of gladness, and, I thought, of self-reproach, he broke forth in deep tones, pencil in air, "There ! there ! that will do. Thee may GO." My first impulse was to tell him he was mistaken ; but as I looked into that face so full of goodness and tenderness, of sympathy for me and *hope for me*, I could not find it in my heart to undeceive him. I took my books and went silently ; the subject was never mentioned between us ; I

always loved him afterward, and I believe he was ever after my fast friend.

But I must cease, though I could go on till morning. If the perusal of this letter wearies the reader, it certainly has not wearied the writer. It has been a delight to be with you for a while, even in imagination.

In conclusion, I wish to declare my unity with the sentiments of Whittier, as expressed to you on a recent occasion, to the effect (I cannot quote the words) that the *fundamental* doctrine of Friends of the indwelling of the Divine Mind in the individual soul is a great central religious truth which doubt and superstition must alike assail in vain. Would that the breathings of that Divine Mind could blow away from Friends (of both branches) those lingering vapors of superstition and tradition in which is nurtured a ranker growth of doubt than many realize.

May Providence prosper you all and your noble institution, is my earnest desire.

Letters manifesting a cordial interest in the Loganian Society were also read from

Bartholomew W. Beesley, Philadelphia.

J. P. Edwards, Nashville, Tenn.

G. A. Barton, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Levick, Philadelphia.

D. A. Thompson, Albany, N. Y.

Samuel E. Hilles, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Prof. William B. Morgan, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

Charles F. Bredé, Baltimore.

John Blanchard, Bellefonte, Pa.

William A. Blair, High Point, N. C.

Louis Starr, M. D., Philadelphia.

The other letters expressed very generally, though briefly, pleasant memories of the Society and warm wishes for its welfare. Lloyd P. Smith, in his letter of acceptance, says: "At the supper* I should like to say a few words on the study of Greek, in favor of retaining it as indispensable to the reception of a degree."

* It was deemed best to omit speeches at the supper, as the meeting was held directly thereafter.

The roll of the honorary members who had accepted the invitation to be present was then called.

John Collins, Secretary of the first meeting of the Society, held First month 21st, 1834, read the minutes of that meeting from the original record-book and gave the following address :

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT HAVERFORD.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

"At a meeting of a number of the students of Haverford School, held First month 21st, 1834, John Collins was appointed Secretary. It was unanimously agreed to form an Association for mutual improvement in literature and science. Joseph Walton, Jr., John Collins, and B. Wyatt Wistar were appointed a Committee to prepare a draft of a Constitution for the government of the Society.

"Adjourned for one week."

Thus reads the record of fifty years ago. Again, dear classmates and members of the Loganian Society, we meet to renew the acquaintances of "auld lang syne" and exchange friendly greetings with those who have succeeded us during that long lapse of years; again we revive the recollection of our boyish days, those days that passed so swiftly and yet have left so indelible an impression upon our hearts. Let us, on this memorable occasion, turn over the pages of the past and recall a few of the early incidents of our Haverford life.

Some here who are familiar with the sketches of Washington Irving will not have forgotten the strange feelings of the hero of Sleepy Hollow, after his long slumber in the Kaaterskill, on returning to his former home. It must have seemed to poor Rip but a continuation of his dream. Many a tedious day must have elapsed before he fully realized the wondrous change and recognized in the strange faces peering into his the children of his former friends. And thus the lonely man walked among his new-born neighbors, till the gentle touch of death laid him to sleep forever in his own mountain land.

With feelings akin to his does your ex-Secretary appear be-

fore you to speak of what transpired here long before a majority of the present members were born. Yet there comes up, at the same time, the reassuring thought that ties that erewhile bound us to one another in the class-room, spanning the flight of years, connect us still as classmates in the school of life. Nay, more—as old age may show new vigor in second childhood, so our hopes and aspirations for the future growth and prosperity of our Alma Mater bound with livelier impulse as we meet and gaze on younger faces fresh in the buoyancy of youth.

Let us, then, look out on the scene that met the eyes of the first students of Haverford School in the late fall of 1833. Standing on the long piazza on the south side of Founders' Hall, there was nothing to indicate what the lawn was to be in after years. Fields, divided by post and rail fences, the corn or wheat stubble standing here and there mid orchards whose gnarled trees showed signs of age and decay, or a clump of brushwood varied the landscape. In the middle ground lay the long, low farm-house,* where for many years visitors to the School could find more congenial accommodation than at the Buck Tavern to the north of the institution. The whole view was hemmed in by the long reach of gray woods in the distance. On the other side of the building the grove of trees in all the wildness of nature shut in the prospect, but it was to us an attractive spot when summer heats came on. Many a lesson was learned and rehearsed in those shady walks, and there the youthful botanist or entomologist began his scientific researches. The latter class was so indefatigable that it was said every old stump was uprooted and not a single bug or reptile could be found within a mile of Haverford.

To enjoy greater privacy, some of the boys placed seats far up among the boughs of the trees, but it is not known to this day whether the lessons of such were prepared with more care than those studied on *terra firma*. Our path to the old meeting-house led us through these woods, over the West Chester Railroad, on a narrow plank bridge. Many a silent sitting did we patiently attend, and though to some the unbroken stillness may have been

* This house stood just within the present lawn, in the low ground not far from the barn.

irksome, yet doubtless to not a few they were seasons of communion with Him who "must be worshiped in spirit and in truth."

As usual with boys, savage or civilized, we had and we enjoyed our out-of-door athletic sports. Town or base ball (not then redneed to a science), jumping, leap-frog, running, and even sawing and splitting wood, were eagerly practiced. Football, in fine, frosty weather, was in demand, but in that ignorant age we knew nothing of the Rugby game and the rough style of play with its conical ball. Few were our in-door amusements when rain made the paths around the house almost impassable save on narrow boards laid down on the soft and slippery micaceous soil. In those early times all music was under ban, and most games of chance or skill were prohibited. Yet it happened that the simple jewsharp would find its way to the School, despite all the precautions of the Committee. If an offender was detected, the harp was at once taken from him and a rebuke administered. Yet more and more instruments secretly came, until 'as report would have it) a barrel had been filled with the tongueless harps.

The room at the southwest corner of the building was at first a sitting-room and library, while the corresponding one at the other end of the house was used as a parlor. Between the main entrance and the east end was the lecture-room, from which, in the fall of 1834, a part was partitioned off to serve for an introductory class-room. A water-color sketch* by one of the teachers, taken during recess, represents its appearance at the time. At one end was a collection of curiosities, prepared specimens of birds, coins, varieties of wood, etc. These formed the nucleus of the museum now in the second story. In the picture just mentioned is seen, through the window, a ball-alley at the side of the wood. This, too, may have been the germ of the excellent gymnasium now adjoining the main building.

There were bounds, beyond which we were not allowed to pass without special permission. The distance around was a mile, and one of the then students delighted to make the run every day before breakfast, the state of the weather permitting. Others attempted the feat, but none could equal the pace of our swift runner, whose race was ended long ago.

* Now in the Dining-Room.

Not long after the opening of Haverford it was judged best to engage some one as attendant and care-taker of the boys, both in and out of the house. Whether we, of those times, were worse than the present generation we would not decide, but some considered such an individual a useless appendage to the management of the School and sought every means to avoid his espionage. The office was abolished on finding that the result was not satisfactory.

Part of the second floor was divided into very narrow apartments, suggestive of *solitary* confinement. Some of the larger boys could readily reach to either side with outstretched arms, and the meager furniture consisted of a very narrow bedstead, a small cherry wardrobe with two drawers, a smaller table, and a minute looking-glass in the plainest possible frame. The outlook was from half a window. A correct drawing of one of these dormitories is to be seen in Alumni Hall. Other accommodations were much in the same style, yet withal we were content. It was the wise policy of the founders of Haverford to maintain, as far as possible, a rigid simplicity throughout. Believing that strict economy was necessary at the outset, there was no wasteful expenditure of money in furniture or mere luxuries. Could time be reversed and some now here assembled witness the arrangements so familiar to us of the earliest classes, surely they would exclaim "*Usui, non decori!*"

Yet, fellow-students of olden time, can we not congratulate those of the present, not only on their more æsthetic taste, but on ampler means to gratify it? Unsightly may be the seed hidden in the dark earth, but suns and kindly rains will bring the plant to light and show the gorgeous beauty of its bloom. And so has Haverford blossomed as the rose. Its lawns, its winding walks lined with o'erarching trees, the flowering shrubbery, the noble hall well named from the learned apologist of Quakerism, and that, where we now meet to commemorate the past, assure us not only that our forefathers knew well on what foundation they laid this noble College, but guarantee its prosperity, perhaps for centuries to come.

But now turn we to social life at Haverford in its earliest days. Few in number, our interests, our sports, and even our

studies brought us nearer to one another than otherwise would have been the case. Our teachers, too, had greater opportunity to note our individual characters. An almost parental tie existed between them and some of the boys, rendering the restraints of discipline almost unnecessary. They loved to watch our sports upon the playground, and could enjoy a hearty laugh with us when occasion would prompt it. How often do we remember with what zest friend Samuel Hilles would carry a large basket of apples to the unplanted lawn on the south front, and, after pretending to scatter them far and wide on one side, would suddenly turn and throw them on the other, causing the most eager to come in for the least share in the scramble. Uniformly kind in manner he won the respect of every one, yet could, when need was, administer a scathing rebuke with the friendliest feeling toward the offender. With equal sympathy and unanimity did his amiable wife attend to our personal wants in health or sickness, or, in the parlor, lead in lively talk, encouraging each bashful boy to join therein. Dear in our memory to this day is the fostering care of these beloved ones, now laid to rest in a green old age. As perfumes from flowery climes wafted far out to sea refresh the weary mariner homeward bound, long may the fragrance of their example animate many a one, to follow on to meet them on the other shore.

A passing tribute is justly due to our venerable teacher of moral and intellectual philosophy. After an active city life in the cause of science and benevolence, Daniel B. Smith devoted himself to education in its varied branches. To some of us he was the master-spirit of the place, whether in his own department of moral philosophy, history, chemistry, etc., or as the arborist, florist, and naturalist—the almost oracle of our inquiring minds. Well do some of the highest class recollect our first lesson in Abercrombie, when Uncle Daniel (as he was *par excellence* to your speaker) began to teach us to think. Making some common-place remark, he asked us in a minute or two to recall and tell him the succession of thoughts suggested by what he had said. It was an amusing as well as a useful exercise—a fit introduction to mental training and consecutive reasoning unfamiliar to us all. So, too, we learned, as perhaps we had never

learned before, the art of studying. From this naturally followed the expression of ideas, first vocally, then in writing. By him we were taught to think, to speak, to write. His instructions were also peculiarly valuable in the study of classic or of foreign languages, giving us a facility, a force, and accuracy of rendering not otherwise attainable. He it was that foresaw that something apart from our daily lessons was needful for our mental improvement and the practical development of the knowledge we gained by private study or in the class-room. Hence the organization of the Loganiau Society, whose fiftieth birthday we may thus fitly commemorate by a well-deserved encomium of its founder. How far his object has been accomplished, its records may tell in part; but the discipline of the mind, the knowledge of parliamentary rules, and the training of the diffident tyro in public speaking which it has conferred, can be known only by those who, since its formation, have taken an active part in its various exercises.

While the portraits of two of Haverford's noblest preceptors adorn these walls, why should not a like memorial of him whose worth so many of us can justly acknowledge be placed with them *honoris causa*?

Nor must we forget the venerated name of John Gummere, whose rare mathematical ability, evinced by his published works, was appreciated by all who came under his instruction. Well was it for Haverford that the son of such a man, trained in habits of accuracy and laborious application, should succeed him in later years, not as a mathematician alone, but as a classical scholar, an eminent, far-seeing astronomer, a kind and Christian instructor and governor.

With but one word of reference to him who led us through the graphic records of Cæsar or the delightful poesy of Virgil, we close this brief and imperfect sketch. With what ardor he entered into the lesson for the day, and how vividly the scenes, the heroes, and the many incidents therein were developed out of the misty past, none but they who were taught by him can truly tell. Long may he live in the memory of his now gray-beard scholars! Long may he enjoy the fruits of his untiring zeal as geographer, biographer, or historian!

As we thus trace the footsteps of some long gone before us, let us be animated by the same spirit that actuated them. There is to each a life-mission, some work appointed by our Heavenly Father. Happy they who fulfill their allotted task, be it what it may, as in His sight and in His service!

Classmates of former time, and ye, too, who in later days have profited by instructions in these academic shades, accept through one of the first students at Haverford our warmest congratulations in thus linking the past with the present. With the Christian sentiment of the Pagan sage, "*Non nobis solum nati sumus*," and in the joyful hope that our next reunion may be in the presence of our divine Exemplar and Saviour, we bid you affectionately,

FAREWELL.

LLOYD P. SMITH, Librarian of the Philadelphia Library, then read the following

REMINISCENCES.

A story is told, I think, in Segur's *Histoire de la grande armée*, of a soldier who, on the retreat from Moscow, managed to reach Smolensk, and, staggering into headquarters, reported himself for duty.

"Who are you?" said the officer in command.

Drawing himself up to his full height, and making a military salute, "General," he said, "I am the Thirty-seventh Regiment of the Line!"

I cannot exactly say that I am the Class of 1837, but when I look back and see how many of my fellows have perished by the way, some at the passage of the Beresina, and again look round and see how few survive, I am irresistibly reminded of the campaign of Moscow. Jonathan Fell is dead; Gustavus Logan is dead; Dickinson Logan, William Longstreth, Benjamin Marsh—one of the best of men; Liddon Pennoek, Charles Sharpless—a man of immense force and versatility, who was bound to succeed in everything he undertook; Wyatt Wistar—amiable and good, and last, not least, my own familiar friend, Lindley

Fisher, high-toned, brilliant, and ambitious—all these are dead. They have gone over to the majority, and we, who survive, will join them soon. One generation cometh and another goeth, but Haverford, I trust, abideth forever. The honorable toil of so many teachers, the laborious tasks of so many students, constitute a foundation for great results in time to come.

I have been requested to give some reminiscences of our common Alma Mater in its earlier days—what might be called its Paley-olithic period. I could tell of breaking through the ice at Kelly's dam and walking back to Haverford, wet to my middle, and shivering in the bitter wind, but finding in my room a package of gingerbread from home, and, better still, some numbers of Waldie's *Portfolio*; of quietly getting out of the window one First Day evening while dear old John Gummere was reading to us from the *Friends' Library*, and going with another boy down to the dam to take a swim by moonlight; of seeing the trees planted which now constitute the fine avenue from the turnpike. But I prefer to speak of him who was for Haverford what Arnold was for Rugby, the great teacher, he who gave the tone to the school and made Haverford what it was. I mean DANIEL B. SMITH, a man, if ever there was one, of genuine culture. Leaving his business and going to Haverford from a sense of duty, there to take the chair of natural philosophy, his influence was in the direction of liberal studies, of a wide range of thought, of an enlarged view of science. On First Day afternoons he used to read to us in sympathetic tones from the great masters of religious eloquence. One sermon, I recollect, was by Robert Hall, on "War," in which the possessor of that great wit which was to madness near allied defended war on Christian principles. Professor Smith, while himself almost carried away by the ringing periods of the book before him, warned us against allowing our reason to be taken captive by the eloquence of the writer. Once—and this involves a confession—when I was guilty of plagiarism, being hard pnt to it to write a composition, instead of scolding me, he merely remarked that while it was a useful exercise to read an essay from the *Spectator* and then shut the book and turn it into my own language, it did no good to copy the very words. To tell the

honest truth, I did not think he would find me out, but he did.

I believe Daniel B. Smith and John Gummere—that devout astronomer—have their worthy successors in the devoted professors who hold the fort to-day ; and, remembering what it did for me, I pray that the Divine blessing may continue to rest on dear old Haverford down to the latest generations. *Ipse fundavit eam Altissimus : Dominus narrabit, in scripturis populorum et principum, horum qui fuerint in eâ nomina et facta.*

DR. HENRY HARTSHORNE :

It will interest many present to be reminded that the teacher of classics mentioned by John Collins was Dr. Joseph Thomas, now recognized as one of the most learned and useful of the lexicographers and cyclopædic writers of this country.

Associations of my own time as a student at Haverford, in the classics, were with William Dennis, valued by us not only as our accomplished teacher, but also for his personal geniality, and admired by me in the Loganian Society for his facility and aptness in debate, at which I often wondered.

This admiration was the more natural because of my own early experience in declamation before the Society. I had to "speak a piece," and my choice fell on William Tell's Invocation to the Alps. I think that if the legendary apple had been placed on my own head, to be shot off by William Tell's arrow, I should hardly have been more alarmed. Among the advantages of recent students at Haverford, one is of more practice, at least as Juniors and Seniors, in speaking before others. A great deal of such practice is worth while in order to obtain self-possession in oratory or debate.

Two of the subordinate "institutions" (if we may call them such) connected with the Loganian Society have left with me interesting memories—the carpenter shop and the greenhouse. To the former of these I did not much resort ; not so much as would have been good for me. We had much need for such encouragements then to *manipulation* ; something to help us to learn how to use our hands, and our eyes to guide their use. Besides our out-of-door games and exercises, there was then in our col-

lege life nothing else at all to make even possible this important part of education. In this respect great changes have occurred and are still going on in our time.

But the greenhouse, whose ruined wall is still venerable in our eyes, was much more attractive and, in its way, beneficial. Its construction and care at Haverford was a token of fine discernment and foresight on the part of our Managers. In those days, as we all know, there was much more of the *ascetic* than of the *æsthetic* in the views of the Society of Friends. Yet, as has been shown by the poetry of Whittier, they were not dead to a sense and love of the beautiful. It was well that here on this charming spot the young men of the Society should have much to develop in them the enjoyment and valuation of the high and noble *uses* of beauty. We of that earlier day may now congratulate our Alma Mater that she has been able so to enlarge and vary her resources, among which the Loganian Society has a not unimportant share, as to provide ever-increasing means for the culture of all the powers of her students; the beauty of utility and the utility of beauty both being appreciated and held in view. May her growth and prosperity be perpetual!

DR. JAMES J. LEVICK :

It is but natural on such an occasion as this that our thoughts should be of those who were associated with us here, either as preceptors or as fellow-students, and it is therefore not surprising that we all speak pretty much the same language to-night. Of my own class of eleven, ten are still living. Of our preceptors, John Gummere, Daniel B. Smith, and Samuel J. Gummere all have passed away.

John Gummere was a very remarkable man. Born in the country, where but little opportunity for mental culture existed, by his own native talent and untiring industry he rose to great eminence, and for many years before his death was everywhere recognized as one of the most learned mathematicians of his day. He was a man of great kindness of heart and of much simplicity of character, but this simplicity of character never interfered with his ability to teach, or weakened the hold he had on the

respect of his pupils. I know not what marks his resting-place in the little graveyard at Burlington, but were I asked for an inscription to be placed on his tomb, I would give it in these words:

"An Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."

His son, Samuel J. Gummere, though we did not think so then, must have been quite a young man when we were here. He was at that time Professor of the Latin and Greek languages, and later filled the chair of mathematics—*in utroque fidelis*. It is not, however, as our teacher, but rather as a personal friend, that we remember Samuel J. Gummere. The great lesson taught by his life was this—that the best qualification for teaching young men is to be found, not in mere learning, however great it may be, not in discipline, however excellent, but that nothing so surely commands respect for the living and so sweetly embalms the memory of the dead as does the unmistakable evidence in the teacher, of a warm, sincere personal interest in the best welfare of his pupil; and that evidence Samuel J. Gummere gave us largely.

Of Daniel B. Smith I have lately spoken elsewhere, and in the magazine of the Pennsylvania Historical Society a slight sketch of his life may be found. I have there said, and I repeat it here, "that I do but speak the sentiment of my class when I say that Daniel B. Smith was the animating spirit of the place. It was he who moulded the character, shaped the destiny, influenced the future, of its students. What Dr. Arnold was to Rugby, Daniel B. Smith was to Haverford."

One word about the *Collegian*, then, as now, the organ of the Loganian Society. If a deep interest in its success, if able papers, and sharp, but just, criticisms be an evidence, it was then "a live paper." Besides the prose essays, there were occasional poems from the pen of the late Richard H. Lawrence, Robert Bowne, of New York, whom we are all so glad to see here to-night, and from others. But no poetical contributions were more valued than those of Daniel B. Smith, who, always in his place as President and a frequent contributor to its journal, kept up an active interest in the Loganian Society the like of which, I trust, is still maintained by his successors.

ROBERT BOWNE :

I think it a great mistake to call upon me. I never remember having made a speech in my life, and I am now too old to begin. Besides, other speakers have said the good things that I had in mind to say in case I made a speech. One of them referred to a slight plagiarism that he once committed. It appears to me that all who have preceded me have been guilty of plagiarism, for all my best ideas have been appropriated.

I therefore claim the best things that have been said this evening for myself. I can only add, in the words of the school-boy's oft repeated declamation :

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

When I was here at the Semi-Centennial I was struck with the great age of those then present. They all seemed to me to be so very old, gray-headed, and bald; they seemed as if they had to look at the thermometer every morning to see what flannels to put on. But greater changes than those of age have taken place. Many of our loved associates of younger days have passed away, and perhaps their footprints on the sands of time may serve to guide us to our haven. Some of us have enjoyed quiet lives, others have been led into more tempestuous scenes. Perhaps we have seen some poor craft dismantled, and some brother go down who may have deserved our sympathy. It is not our place to judge. What we may think to be a blemish, in God's pure sight

May be a scar gained in some well-fought field,
Where thou didst either flee or yield.

After our former associates, I thought of our old professors and teachers who are gone, and especially of one who has been so many times referred to to-night, Daniel B. Smith.

From the professors we pass to the retainers of the old institution—Carvell, the gardener, always in hot water with somebody; the colored man, John, the table waiter, called in two directions at once, and slow to go in either; the old Aunt Pollies and Aunt Sallies of those days. Where, too, are the trees under

which we used to sit? Look around and see these noble buildings which claim our admiring attention.—But one of the queries of the Monthly Meeting says that we must not carry our business beyond our ability to manage it.

FRANKLIN E. PAIGE then read the following essay for the *Collegian*:

Although Haverford College is no Sleepy Hollow, still it has its Rip Van Winkle, roused up after a more than twenty years' sleep, staring bewildered about, and trying to determine whether this place is here or somewhere else. The name of this dusty antiquary, thus crawling out of his slumber, is Tyro Lingo. Some of the old Loganians may remember his various effusions that used to appear in the *Collegian*. Like his prototype, the renowned Rip, he was a rather jolly soul, of not much account, and good at long stories about nothing. He was not, however, addicted to quaffing at Hollands, but he used to take deep potations at the Greek and Latin fountains, and the result was that Greek, Latin, French, and English became terribly mixed in his brain, and the many sesquipedalias* that occurred in his essays, composed sometimes of all four of these languages at once, were frightful to any reader's jaws. It has been stated that Derriek Van Bummel, the schoolmaster of Rip Van Winkle's time, "was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary." There was not a word in the dictionary, or out of it, gigantic enough to daunt Tyro Lingo. Unlike his prototype in still another respect, this Tyro had no Dame Lingo to keep him in awe, and thereby he contributed to the happiness of at least one of the fair sex in that he freed her from the care of a stupid old man. So he played his clown's part on the Loganian stage, claimed relationship with the Greek Longinus, and wrote an essay on the sublime; wrote metaphysical essays, in which, like a true metaphysician, he got his subject in as hopeless a tangle as a Jersey swamp, and his readers completely bewildered; wrote essays scientific, historic, hypercritical, and soporific; sounded all the depths and shoals of authorship, and generally got stranded on the shore of verbosity, till finally he "bade the world good-night,"

* "*Sesquipedalia Verba*."—HORACE. Literally, words a foot and a half long.

and sank into a quiet sleep. We will not dwell upon the various strange objects that appeared to him as he awoke from this twenty years' sleep and sought his old haunts, as similar ones had appeared to his brother Rip—Alumni Hall, Barclay Hall, the changed Founders' Hall, the old railroad gone that used to come meandering by. Nor can we stop long to notice the many material changes he learned of as having come upon the busy world while he was deep in his Van Winkle slumber. He was told, while he stared in vacant stupidity, as Rip before him had stared, how news was daily traveling from shore to shore, with the broad Atlantic and all the fishes between; how men can be seen at innumerable places talking against the side of a room and receiving answers from others even miles away; how a brilliant flame will leap from point to point of dull, cold charcoal, without a spark being applied; how the dreary war, the great Centennial, and Oscar Wilde had come and gone; and of the wonders of the photographic camera, the microscope, the spectroscope, the dynamo machine, and the dude. Many of the readers of the *Collegian* have seen and known all these changes. Old Jupiter Pluvius has been superseded by Old Probabilities, who under this and other names has been regulating our storms and sunshine for years. It has been stated that a lady not a hundred miles from this very College consulted the Weather Bureau at Washington as to a favorable time for a garden party, and thus finally gathered her guests together on scientific principles—in a pouring rain! Tyro is a man in favor of science, real and unadulterated, and such things as these are as pleasing to his soul as a word one hundred and ninety-three syllables long. Tyro is a metaphysical man, too; but oh! how his poor brain was tribulated as he tried to get his mind around and absorb some of the various new-fangled notions of the day, even as a protozoan envelops and absorbs its food. Like his brother Rip, his mind misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. They talked to him so glibly of the wondrous results of modern researches. It was once said that

“Seven Grecian cities claimed a Homer dead,
Through which a living Homer begged his bread.”

Then, again, it has been said there *was* no Homer; that the Iliad and Odyssey were composed by some one else. So the dispute went on, but now all is cleared up. It has been announced in this very College that philological critics have proved that these poems were composed, not by Homer, but by another man of the same name. And, again, in all the study of heraldry and ancestry, how serenely the mind rests upon the assuring truth that our first great ancestor was a hairy individual with pointed ears and a tail and probably arboreal in his habits. Rather hard on the monkeys, 'tis true, but then the seemingly lower animals have always had to suffer for man's shortcomings. And what a relief to poor Tyro, who used to rouse himself on election morning to vote early and as often as permitted, to learn at last that the people of every nation are like a lot of last year's sweet potatoes—"the majority of them are unsound." So the minority must now elect. Then be it so, and for Philadelphia let only One Hundred men elect. And, again, the laborious processes of reasoning are things of the past; even Whately's Logie, upon which Tyro used to feed so voraciously, has become as rusty as Rip's old firelock. Says one, "The glasses are but lately ground that enable us to see critically the evidences of history." Our mental eye then has evidently been astigmatic; we followed out a *line* of reasoning. Now the properly ground glasses correct this, and all knowledge is flashed to a point. And Tyro, after wandering about puzzled and doubting, like his prototype, whether he was himself or somebody else, has at last had presented to him the great touchstone of truth. A widely known writer, whose mental eye has ranged through the whole universe of knowledge, even the nebulae and cometary dust, a relative perhaps of the man who years ago taught Haverfordians Latin and Greek prose composition,* this noted critic has told us that the *Zeitgeist*—the spirit of the age—forbids us to believe in the miraenous. So the spirit of the age, one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, decides everything for us. Therefore it is certain that all this stuff about principles being immortal, this idea of eternal and unchangeable truth, the oft-quoted passage

* *Latin Prose Composition* and *Greek Prose Composition*, text-books, by Thomas K. Arnold, were used at Haverford College.

of the great Tacitus—" *forma mentis aeterna* "—are blown to the winds—gone "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

But yet, after all this elucidation, poor Tyro still seems to be in the same trouble as was his brother Van Winkle. He cannot be made to comprehend all the subtleties that are now around him. He is very much puzzled about the getting-up of the universe. In his younger days he had heard of the old theory that the world was on the backs of four elephants; that the elephants stood upon four turtles, while there was nothing for the turtles to stand upon. Now comes the modern theory, and Tyro wants another pair of those wonderful spectacles. He gets some notion of all the jargon about nebulous mass, whirling about in space, throwing off rings and satellites, scattering about worlds and systems, the cooling, plicating, crumpling, hardening, and eroding of the crusts of individual globes, the evolving from protoplasm of the amœbæ, monkeys, and men, but when he asks what produces all these effects, he is told it is simply the forces of nature. But what is back of and generating these forces of nature? Like the poor turtles in the ancient theory, these forces of nature find themselves standing upon nothing. 'Tis useless to try to grasp all these exegetical abstractions, and Tyro must relinquish the attempt.

"Oh! these are dreadful changes, friends;
Men talked of change of yore,
But there never were such changes, friends,
In any days before;
The world is cracked, depend upon it,
Old things are all upset,
We'd best bespeak our coffins, friends;
Why are we living yet?"

TYRO LINGO.

A poem by THOMAS H. BURGESS, sent as a contribution to the *Collegian*, was then read:

PRIVATE NOTE TO "YE EDITORS."

Had the writer one more *long* evening—long enough to winnow the accompanying rhymes—he might be less ashamed of the length and of the matter; but he must leave to the editors the pleasure (perhaps their only salary) of cutting out crude stanzas, or putting the whole into the

waste-basket with better things. Should any generous critic lift his broadax to hew to the line, let me suggest that it should not be expected of one who occasionally gets lost, wandering in tangled, pathless places at the foot of Parnassus, to be accurate in diction or consistent in ideas. And when Pegasus won't take the bit and is careless where he fetches up, one must expect a wild ride or no ride, and is obliged, indeed, to let him flutter, and usually gets pitched headlong among the boys just as he jumps into the clover.

As to your semi-centennial of the Loganian Society, I cannot suppose that Haverfordians *could* have a surfeit of these "semi-" love-feasts, although I am reminded of a certain religious sect which enjoyed quarterly-meetings so well that they decided to hold them every two weeks. I trust no one will suppose that the Loganian is growing old. A college may be an old-established institution, but the daughters are not, and I can only think of the Loganian as ever youthful, rejoicing in spring's "budding miracles" and rich in May-day verdure. I cannot personify it as a Sibyl, scattering prophetic leaflets and withering to nothing but voice, but rather compare it with other of Haverford's equipments, as the Thought Shop, the Mental Gymnasium, the Laboratory of Logic, the Observatory, where genius dazzles the meridian and scorches the spider-lines in transit, being at once the theatre of wholesome entertainment and the arena for hard tugs of rugged rhetoric. Having been the victim unpitied in many a defeat in its forum, I trust it may keep its youth and usefulness, and lead in the drill and the fray a myriad, at least, of Haverfordians yet unborn, to fit them to fill the vacant places the "old boys" are leaving—if they dare do no better—in the happier eras that with quick steps are approaching.

"PILGRIM."

HIBERNATING.

READ AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL MEETING OF THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

In summer heats, the city guest
Climbs to the Catskill's hemlock height,
And takes, like Rip Van Winkle, rest
Where twilights guard the couch of night.

For sleep, give me hibernal air,
When frost lines vibrate o'er the south,
When hoary beard a boy may wear
And zero kindly bar his mouth;

When, wreathed in snow, the stately fir
 Stands like a bride, her dark hair crowned
 With wealth of pearls, and, envying her,
 The jewel-laden pines surround.

The stoves with anthracite prepare
 (Good things old Horace does not sing),
 And heaping plates of grape and pear
 Instead of "four-year Sabine" bring.

Now draw your sofa near the fire,
 Take Shakespeare from a handy shelf,
 Let thoughts of work and care retire,
 And in clear joy forget yourself!

Heed not the hour, eleven or three,
 Till chaste Miranda gain her right;
 Hear Ariel sing till he is free,
 And act the hero of each fight.

Pure thought indulge, from earth take flight
 With Plato's winglets (they'll suffice),
 Through Æther's depths, empyrean height,
 Or gulfs of fire, or zones of ice!

Leave wise agnostics, plodding hard,
 And scarce believing half they see,
 Though blinder they than sightless hard
 Who sees from laws of vision free!

Through windows looking to a sky
 That holds a lucid universe,
 What luxury of thought to lie,
 Forgetting both caress and curse!

How vocal night! how light the dark!
 One seems so near the Pleiades,
 The meteor-tinted sky! and hark!
 Æolian music in the trees.

If proof (outside of book or seroll)
 Be asked, of immortality,
 Indulge awhile this flight of soul ;
 It proves eternal youth to me.

Alas ! hath earth no rest secure,
 No undisturbed hibernacle,
 No peace sincere, no vision pure,
 But eurtains fall the sight to dull ?

In all the year the hours are few
 When the aerial ocean clears,
 So telescopic eyes can view
 Deep in amoung eelestial spheres.

The hermit leaves a world so rude,
 The prophet treads the wilderness,
 The poet seeks in solitude
 Rare beauty all the world to bless.

The nations rest—that they may fight ;
 The Churehes rest—and seldom wake ;
 Even roses sleep their wintry night,
 And deacons dozy Sabbaths take.

Trees, leaves, and owls, all sleep their sleeps,
 Before the storm the winds take breath,
 And down the line of battle creeps
 A stillness ere the work of death.

The student—college is to him
 With training, rest, and power fraught ;
 But what are laws of Bode or Grimm,
 If delve he not, nor rise in thought ?

Let passion rest, elose Cupid's eyes ;
 Of " extras " always eount the eost ;
 Unrest may lead to realize
 In bitterness " love's labor lost."

Vacation days ! ambrosial sleep,
 When anxious toil's fierce fevers break.
 O rest of soul, sweet peace to keep,
 And God's eternal Sabbath take !

Sweet rest of *faith* before we wake,
 Beyond the world's inclosing bars—
 Welcome that sleep, before we make
 Our journey to the happy stars !

—*Pilgrim.*

EDWARD BETTLE :

I have been much interested in all that has been said. It all tends to the same end. Its lesson to the students now here is to prize their opportunities and make the most of them. What a centre of wholesome and inspiring influences the Loganian Society has been ! How rich Haverford is in its past, in its present, and may it be in its future ! To aid its future growth, we are collecting subscriptions for a semi-centennial memorial fund. I have already obtained nineteen autographs, for none of which would I take less than a thousand dollars.

HENRY BETTLE :

I knew my time would come, but did not know when. I have no formal speech. I think literary societies very important. In them the student proves whether what he has got in the class-room amounts to anything. It is there that he learns that self-possession which is so important to him in the duties of life. He gains confidence in himself and learns to speak on his feet, and acquires some acquaintance with parliamentary law. While I am proud to stand here as a member of the Everett Society, and wish all success to the Athenæum, I am prouder to be a member of the oldest society in the College.

Let the societies, then, go forward in their proper mission without envy, comprehending, as they do, much of the good work of Haverford. The prosperity of all of them will be of the greatest advantage to the College.

Now a very modest and graceful writer* asks me to read this poem :

* Dr. Henry Hartshorne.

" We have come, from the mart and the office,
 From factory, forum, and field,
 The graybeard, the athlete, and novice ;
 All, homage to yield
 To the memories ever upspringing
 Round the mother that nourished our souls,
 For the harvest each summer is bringing,
 While time o'er us rolls.

Oh ! the dreams that we dreamed here were splendid ;
 No gifts had Aladdin like ours ;
 But the moru of those visions has ended ;
 Noon withers our flowers.
 Our day is oft wintry and clouded ;
 Amid turmoil and tears we despoud ;
 Yet the sun, though by earth's mist enshrouded,
 Shines ever beyond.

Were those dream-hours the richest and brightest
 That Memory's dial has shown ?
 When the heart-beat is freest and lightest,
 Is dearest bliss known ?
 Ah, no ! With torn feet on the mountain,
 We laugh to look down on the plain ;
 Soon cloyed with the splash of the fountain,
 The torrent is gain.

In strength that through battle grows stronger,
 In patience that outwearies pain,
 In hope that burns brighter, the longer
 Griefs fall, thick as rain—
 As rock-lights, far over the ocean,
 Through darkest night cheerliest shine ;
 In the heart-glow of Christ-sent devotion,
 Is bliss most divine.

Yet, the promise of dawn was its glory ;
 That prophecy we but misread.
 Though, with foreheads now furrowed and hoary,
 We mourn for our dead,

When we stand in the valley of vision
 No tears for lost youth will we shed;
 Though faded the earth-dream elysian,
 We have heaven instead."

HENRY C. BROWN:

So many excellent things have been said, that I can add little of interest. I was much interested in the collection mentioned by Edward Bettle, and hope that he will complete it soon and that we shall be able to provide all desirable appliances and additions.

CHARLES ROBERTS:

After listening to the reminiscences of 1833-4, I am satisfied that I must have been here in the dark ages. It was in my time that the old arbor blew down, and no one had energy enough to put it up again. I joined both the Everett and Loganian Societies. The discipline was worked for all it was worth. Charles Atherton was made Governor, under a Superintendent, and a Committee of Managers assisted. But finally Samuel J. Gummere came and managed the discipline without effort. Ours was the first class that spoke in this hall.

JOHN B. GARRETT:

I was also here in the dark ages, between the brilliant early lights and the present well-prepared Professors. It was a dark age, but somehow nature did her work, and Haverford produced such men of solid worth for the community as James Whitall, Dr. James Thomas, and Philip Garrett.

HENRY COPE:

I am obliged to you for calling on me, though I have nothing especial to say. I am glad to know that the Loganian is prospering and that it has not been given up; also that it is now connected with the private societies, so that they are, as it were, pillars to it, sending up their best members as representatives. I have heard from the present students some complaint that there is not time enough for two societies. I do not see how that can be; in my day we found time enough to attend two each week.

I should be sorry to see any of them given up. Reduce the number of meetings, if you think best, but keep up the Societies. I hope that the interest in the Societies will not be suffered to flag; after what we have heard to-night, the students will doubtless be ashamed to give them up.

(Some honorary members who had been expected to speak were here obliged to leave in order to catch a train for the city.)

JOHN COLLINS:

Before we adjourn to 1934, I wish to present a proposition. We all honor the memory of Daniel B. Smith. It would be a great pleasure to me to perpetuate his memory by preparing a copy in oil of the photographic portrait of him which now hangs in Founders' Hall.

Dr. Hartshorne moved that a committee of five be appointed to confer with John Collins with regard to the proposed portrait.

The President appointed Dr. Hartshorne, Lloyd P. Smith, and Dr. J. J. Leviek, with power to add two others to their number.

Edward Bettle, F. E. Paige, W. M. Coates, Henry C. Brown, and Albin Garrett were appointed a committee to have charge of the semi-centennial number of the *Collegian*, and cause the essays to be bound or printed, together with the proceedings of this meeting.

Then adjourned until fifty years hence, First month 21st, 1934.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF HAVERFORD.

BY THOMAS KIMBER.

In the official *Account of Haverford College*, published in 1835, two years after its formal opening, we read:

"During the week of the Yearly Meeting held in Philadelphia, in the Fourth month, 1830, a number of Friends who had for a long time felt the disadvantages under which the youth of our Society labor in obtaining a liberal education met to de-

liberate on the best means of removing them. It was then agreed to attempt the establishment of a school under the care and management of Friends for instruction in the higher branches of learning."

Subsequent conferences held in New York and Philadelphia during the summer of that year resulted in a definite and matured plan of operations, detailed in a circular signed by thirteen prominent members of New York and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings, under date of Tenth month, 1830, from which the following declaration of their object and purpose is taken :

"They believe it to be of very great importance that the literary instruction which shall fit our children for general usefulness in life should be combined with a religious care over their morals and manners ; and that they should be made acquainted with the great doctrines of the Christian religion and be brought up in the observance of the testimonies of our Religious Society.

"They therefore propose to establish an institution of this character, in which the children of Friends shall receive a liberal education under the care of competent instructors of our own Society so far as practicable.

"It is proposed that the full course of study in this institution shall occupy a period of not less than four years, and shall include English literature, mathematics, natural history, natural, intellectual, and moral philosophy, the ancient languages, and ancient literature. Opportunities for instruction in the principal modern languages are also to be afforded."

Such was the foundation of Haverford. Its subsequent history is well known to us all : how worthily its day has fulfilled the promise of its dawn, and how the noble aspirations and self-denying efforts of our fathers have already been rewarded in the blessings conferred upon their children and their children's children, as well as upon that branch of the Church of Christ to which they were so strongly and so tenderly attached.

May we not confidently hope that a still brighter future is opening before it, which shall confirm and extend its usefulness in the past ; and that the comprehensive outline presented more than half a century ago by the founders of Haverford may be completed and extended, both in its varied curriculum and in its

ever-widening influence, through the exertions of its present able Management?

The admirable address, from the pen of Daniel B. Smith, adopted by the Board of Managers in 1832 is worthy of careful preservation and of wide circulation at the present day. The whole question of general as well as of special education is discussed in that paper with a precision and ability that have rarely been equaled within so brief a compass; and it is a question which, however ancient, seems to be always new—since it presents itself afresh for the consideration of each succeeding generation.

The limits of this review will only permit an earnest commendation of that address to the friends of Haverford, and of education generally throughout our Society, as a masterly analysis of the varied advantages of mathematical and natural science, as well as of the study of the ancient and modern languages, ancient and modern history, and natural, mental, and moral philosophy, in that thorough course of instruction which has for its object not only an æsthetic, intellectual culture, but the formation of practical character.

When we remember that the fifty years which have passed since this liberal foundation was laid down have been crowded with a succession of the most important scientific discoveries, and have witnessed a marvelous development in the practical arts of life, we can better appreciate the wisdom and foresight of our fathers in thus anticipating and providing for the absolute requirements of the generation in which we live.

The first Conference of the New York and Philadelphia Friends upon this subject was held, as has been stated, in the Fourth month of 1830. At that time the railway systems of America and of England were scarcely in their inception, the Liverpool and Manchester, the first passenger railroad, having been opened in December of that year. The Camden and Amboy Road was not in operation; and the New York delegation that met in Philadelphia, instead of enjoying a rapid and easy transit of about two hours, traveled laboriously by stages for the greater part of two days, resting by the way at Trenton or Princeton, as was the custom at that time.

They could send no telegraphic notice of their coming. It was not till the year following (1831) that Michael Faraday began, at the Royal Institution in London, that brilliant series of patient experiments on electric currents in connection with a galvanic battery which led to the discovery of the electro-magnet, with all its marvelous results and its yet unknown possibilities and powers.

Still two years later, in 1833, the year that Haverford opened, he read before the Royal Society his famous paper on the "Identity of Electricities," which established an outline of the science of "magneto-electricity," to which mankind owes so much to-day for the rapid and almost startling progress of the past half century.

At the time of that Conference, in 1830, the anthracite coal of Pennsylvania lay almost undisturbed in its dreamless slumber folding up in its vast involutions the long-buried sunlight and sunheat of ages ago which, though as yet scarcely known to man, the great Creator of the heavens and the earth had packed silently away for his use when other provisions for light and heat should begin to fail.*

Side by side with the coal beds lay reposing vast seams of iron

* The writer of this essay well remembers having been taken, when a child, to see one of the first locomotives leave the station at Ninth and Green Streets, Philadelphia; and that it was thought most prudent for the party to view the novel spectacle from the second story balcony of the hotel opposite, for fear of a possible explosion of the boiler.

He recalls, too, the pleasure with which his father, one of the founders of Haverford, would relate an incident of the recent introduction of anthracite coal to some gentlemen of this city by an enthusiastic pioneer in that trade—himself also a founder of Haverford—who forwarded to them some ponderous specimens of the article, with the prediction that it would be the fuel of the future.

One of his friends placed his adamant block on the andirons in his chimney, and kindled around it a fire, first of shavings and afterward of hickory wood, in the vain hope of developing its latent calorific powers.

Failing entirely, of course, he concluded that the substance was utterly incombustible, and wrote in acknowledgment of its receipt that in the event of a general conflagration of the world, he thought the safest place of refuge would be an anthracite coal mine.

Yet the first fifty years of Haverford's existence have witnessed the banishment of our once familiar andirons to the attic or the old curiosity shop, while the annual consumption of millions of tons of anthracite coal attests the truth of the prediction that it would become the "fuel of the future."

ore, awaiting a touch of the magic wand of practical science to spring into countless forms of usefulness and beauty—a treasure far more precious and more availing in the development of our national resources than mines of silver and gold, but at the time of the foundation of Haverford almost wholly untouched.

Since that date, the number of States in our Union has nearly doubled; its population has more than quadrupled; while its sources of agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial wealth have multiplied beyond the power of verification by any reliable statistics within our reach.

Glancing for a moment at its social and literary position and progress in the past half century, we rejoice that the accursed system of human slavery, which weighed upon the nation like a millstone, has been swept away as by a whirlwind. That grand declaration of universal freedom from the pen of William Lloyd Garrison, issued in 1835, found its answering echo and its triumphant fulfillment in the immortal Proclamation of President Lincoln more than a quarter of a century later.

At the time of the Conference, in 1830, Whittier was a diffident young man of twenty-three, publishing that year a *Life of Brainard* and *Legends of New England*, the latter of which furnished afterward the material for some of his most popular poems, then unwritten.

Longfellow, who had returned from Europe the year before, was then Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, and five years afterward published his first volume, in 1835, about which time he accepted the Chair of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard.

Bryant was editor of the *Evening Post*, and two years later gathered together his fugitive poems, which first issued from the press in a collected form in 1832.

Bancroft was even then an accomplished scholar, mostly occupied in visiting the universities and libraries of Europe, while gathering materials for his *History of the United States*, the first volume of which appeared in 1834.

Henry Wheaton published his *History of the Northmen* in 1831. George Tieknor was then Professor of the French and Spanish Languages at Harvard, a position which he resigned

five years later that he might reside abroad while preparing for his *History of Spanish Literature*, published long afterward.

Motley was a boy of sixteen, of studious habits and character, graduating afterward at Harvard, and then spending some years in the universities of Europe, but not publishing the works which have added such honor to his name until more than a quarter of a century later.

It will be seen by this hurried and partial résumé that the period which has elapsed since the foundation of Haverford largely covers the history of American literature, as well as of the development of the social and commercial position and progress of the nation.

Turning now for a moment to England, we find that William Wilberforce passed away from earthly scenes in 1833—the year that Haverford was opened—praising God with his dying breath that he had lived to hear of the assured safety of the Parliamentary Bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the British Dominions, although he was not permitted to witness its final and glorious accomplishment.

At the time of the first Conference, in 1830, Dr. Arnold had already for two years entered on his arduous labors as Head Master of Rugby School, which he governed so wisely on the principle which has since become proverbial: “It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred or fifty boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.”

Fifteen years afterward, Hartley Coleridge wrote of him:

“’Twas his to teach,
Day after day from pulpit and from desk,
* * * * *

That for the bravest sin that e’er was praised,
The King eternal wore the crown of thorns.
* * * * *

And every fault which he could not prevent,
His heart bled for it,
As it had been a foul sin of his own.
* * * * *

And if, at last, he sank beneath the weight,
There were not wanting souls whom he had taught
The way to Paradise, that in white robes
Thronged to the gate to hail their Shepherd home.”

The Reform Bill, in 1830, had not yet passed Parliament ; the Anti-Corn Law League was not formed till nine years afterward. Richard Cobden was a partner in a large calico-printing establishment at Manchester ; John Bright, a young man under age, was in his father's cotton factory at Rochdale. The great life-work of each of these eminent statesmen lay yet before them. Robert Southey was then Poet Laureate of England and at the height of his literary fame. His daughter records that in 1831 the Princess Victoria, a young girl of eleven years, called with her mother to thank him for the pleasure his *Life of Nelson* had given her.

Wordsworth, in 1831, revisited the " Banks of the Yarrow " with Sir Walter Scott, just previously to the departure of the latter for his last sad visit to Italy, and has left us both in prose and in verse a touching account of their parting interview.

Coleridge, the elder, was not far from the close of his brilliant but erratic career. Four years afterward these lines, from his own pen, formed a part of his epitaph (1834) :

" That he who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death—
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame—
He asked, and hoped, through Christ."

It is impossible within reasonable limits to follow the subject much farther.

Nearly fifty years ago one of England's young poets, now wearing her Laureate crown, and very recently the recipient of other more doubtful honors, thus weighed the comparative importance of the epochs of history in connection with the arts of civilized life :

" Better fifty years of Europe,
Than a cycle of Cathay."

With equal truth may we regard the history of England and of Europe during the last half century as far more interesting and important than a record of the same period during any previous stage of their existence.

The great men who have lived and died within that time, the

wonderful improvements in the printing press and in the daily newspapers, the vast progress in every department of practical science, the extent and the results of steam navigation over the globe, the marvelous diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, in more than two hundred languages, throughout the habitable earth, carrying with them the light of the Gospel to its darkest places—all these have left their impress upon the age in which we live, that has given it a character and an importance far beyond the ages of the past.

Not only so, but they hold out a promise of even greater things for the future, which again will involve greater responsibilities and the need of a more thorough preparation to meet them, in the half century upon which we have just entered, than were presented to those of us who may be said to represent that which has just closed.

In this preparation and in these responsibilities the Management of Haverford will have its appropriate share; and the voices of the past may well cheer the workers of the future by a simple story of the successful accomplishment of many of the hopes and the efforts of its founders more than fifty years ago.

HAVERFORD.

A VACATION VISIT.

The changes wrought by Father Time
 In small affairs and things sublime,
 With ever-busy fingers,
 Have now become so trite a tale
 We know it all, the plot is stale,
 But still our wonder lingers.

My ancient chum, a little chap,
 Who wore a jacket and a cap,
 And talked in piping treble,
 Who found in mischief such delight,
 And proved to discipline a quite
 Unreconstructed rebel—

Lost for a time among the crowd,
 When next from mankind's nimbus cloud
 My little friend emerges,
 He towers before my wondering eye
 A bearded giant, six feet high,
 In voice, a Boanerges.

I look to see his grins and winks,
 Expressive of the highest jinks,
 But get a stately greeting ;
 For Dick is now a father staid,
 And has, I hear, been lately made
 Clerk of his Yearly Meeting.

" Friend of my youth ! what, know'st me not ?
 Are classmates, chums, so soon forgot ?
 Can Time so strangely alter ?"
 He starts with an astonished stare,
 Gasps, laughs, and cries out, " I declare,
 I do believe it's Walter !"

Both pilgrims to this sacred fane,
 We meet, who searce had hoped again
 To tread these paths together.
 Our lives have borne us far apart,
 But ancient friendship binds the heart
 With more than Gordian tether.

The years, the decades, melt away
 As boyhood's sunbeams 'round us play,
 And slumbering memories waken ;
 Question on question crowds apace—
 The boy comes back in each man's face,
 And sides with mirth are shaken.

Through the Gymnasium first we stray,
 Wherein, it seems but yesterday,
 We leaped as light as Remus ;
 Then, passing through the utmost door,
 Again we merrily explore
 The Grove of Aeademus.

Not happier roams the spotted fawn
 Than we, as round about the Lawn
 We chase the moments fleeting ;
 And, as we pass their ranks between,
 The shrubs along the Serpentine
 Nod us a friendly greeting.

Now, arm-in-arm, aglow with talk,
 We stroll along the Sharon Walk,
 Seeking the Tree of Knowledge ;
 Then, under the Timothean Arch
 We pass, as in triumphal march,
 Toward the dear old College.

Not to the schloss, with towers tall,
 Built since our day, called Barclay Hall,
 But to the temple yellow,
 Against whose wall the ivy clings,
 And o'er whose front the linden flings
 A shade subdued and mellow.

Within these walls, old boy, we spent
 The years that gave our lives their bent,
 Where, light as was our laughter,
 "The grain that ripens into man"
 Its unregarded growth began,
 Preparing our hereafter.

Pallas Athene here revealed,
 As now, a blackboard for a shield,
 No Gorgon's head upon it ;
 She bore a pointer for a spear,
 And helmeted her locks severe
 Within a Quaker bonnet.

Indeed, such helmet well became
 The features of the classic dame ;
 For, in its meaning normal,
 'Twas no monastic badge uncouth,
 But spoke devotion to God's truth
 Against the false and formal.

Methinks I see, in fancy's cloud,
 Harlan, calm-eyed and marble-brow'd,
 Noble in thought and feature ;
 And Doctor Swift—majestic form !
 A philanthropic thunder-storm—
 Stern judge, but genial teacher.

I love him, though he called me once
 A name that signifieth "dunee,"
 And, ere the lecture ended,
 Bade me to note that o'er my head
 Was hanging by a single thread
 Damocles' sword suspended.

The cook had given me two pies,
 For I found favor in her eyes.
 I'm sure it must have shock'd her
 To learn that in my roomward course
 I'd rush'd, like a stampeded horse,
 Against the awful Doctor.

I gained my room, I closed the door,
 My booty quick I covered o'er,
 And in my wardrobe threw it.
 "All's well," thought I—but, ah ! the shock
 I felt to hear a solemn knock ;
 'Twas Nemesis—I knew it.

"What had the boy beneath his coat ?"
 The answer quavered in my throat—
 "A pie—from—off the dresser."
 "Return it—and return again !"
 I think I've mentioned there were twain ;
 I took back one—the lesser.

Sternly he lectured me, and long :
 "Ponder these words from Virgil's song,"
 Such was his peroration ;
 "Their meaning if thee fails to trace,
 Go to Professor Thomas Chase
 And ask for the translation.

“ ‘Facilis descensus AVERNO,
Sed REVOCARE GRADUM, superasque evadere ad auras,
HOC—OPUS,—HIC—LABOR—EST.’ ”

But while we tell our ancient tales,
The sunset into twilight pales,
 The clocks are striking seven ;
The grassy lawn is wet with dew,
And from the tranquil deeps of blue
 Look down the stars of heaven.

So, now, farewell—I find my song
Has grown ridiculously long,
 Like some Mongolian story.
Long flourish Haverford, say we ;
May noble lives for ages be
 The anthem of her glory !

—JAMES W. CROMWELL.

SCHOLARSHIP AND POLITICS.

BY PHILIP C. GARRETT.

I cannot find it in my heart to treat scholarship in its relation to politics any otherwise than as it has great value in every field of action ; nor as having any value more than blind and confiding ignorance, except in so far as the object of its aspirations is worthy, even as the object of adoration by ignorant faith may be also.

Arnold has narrowed down the meaning of culture into “getting the power, through reading, to estimate the proportion and relation in what we read.” However, reading is only valuable as a means ; and scholarship and culture lie on the same road, only scholarship is further on than culture. What I have to say, then, with regard to culture and scholarship has no reference to any limited or special meaning of those terms which may have grown into fashion out of the narrowing tendency of man’s contracted powers. They are used in these remarks in

their broadest, simplest, and most visible sense—culture as the tillage of arable brains, scholarship as the improved result of that culture—two stages in the process of fertilizing the mind. Anything, therefore, which may be alleged of culture and scholarship in any particular field of human activities is simply so much said (1) of the possibility of improving intellectual powers by cultivation, as one can increase the fertility of a meadow, and (2) of the value of larger powers in a given field. Of politics, again, let us not speak as the science of trickery, chicanery, selfish ambition, and public robbery to which that much-abused term is too often applied, but as the science, at once lofty and profound, of governing not only honestly and well, but in the way both purest and best for the aggregate number governed. Reduced thus to simple formulæ, it is not very spicy to say culture is good in politics. It becomes an axiom. And so it is with very many of the problems which vex mankind; simplify the terminology with which we mystify discussion and boil down the nebulous phrases, and logic is nice and easy work; you *stumble* sometimes on the value of x , and find your problem solved before you know it. And the real, substantial value of scholarship simply arises from the grasp of mind it gives, the ability to grapple with any subject—to dive into the depths of knowledge and lay deep foundations, to build up into the airy heights the indestructible fabric of a pure, lofty, and heavenly logic.

Let us, then, regarding politics not as a selfish and earthy field, but as an elevated arena, look for the most ennobling motives for engaging in it, following man's destinies among the stars, where the accents of "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God," are heard. Far other motives govern men often, to be sure; far other, even generally; so far, that in this Demos-governed land leaders have quite forgotten science and polity in their mad pursuit after ill-gotten gold and glory. The silly people, meanwhile, drowse on to destruction, and, like Samson in Delilah's hands, are shorn at once of their golden locks and their power. And not Demos, nor even Aristoi, but Ploutos or Oligoi rule over the "temple of the living God," and the voice from the forum is no longer God's voice. It *should* be otherwise, for

political supremacy belongs with the people, who are, or should be, in the likeness of the Everlasting, and whose voice is, or should be, His voice. No groveling or sordid personality, no "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps its goal," should have place there. The noblest Roman virtues, gilded and glorified by the blessed light of Christianity, the virtues of patriotism, of charity, of generosity, of brotherhood, are those which should be most familiar to the politician in the highest sense.

The beneficent effects of culture in scholarship are felt, however, long before you reach so near heaven, for she is graced with humility and "stoops to conquer," as the handmaid of utility. What knowledge of other lands and of his own, of the history of civilization, of religion, of science, of art, and letters, does not the politician need for his rightly governing? for the politician is, or should be, the statesman.

What perfect knowledge, to saturation, does he not need of Greek and Roman law, and who knows but of Hebrew and Sanscrit, of Brahmin and Chinese, if truth were told? What sense should he possess of the growth of thought in the various philosophies, either exploded, leaving a little residuum, or surviving, perhaps, to be exploded yet.

And alas! let scholarship bring her best stores to his treasure-house, and what does he know, after all, for certain? and what is he that the Omniscient is mindful of him? For "*in Him* are all things," and it is in our relations to Him and in the promotion of His purposes that the *maximum bonum* consists.

All knowledge, all wisdom, all certain conclusion, all right action, are bound together by ties of relationship to one Almighty Power—it matters not whether in religion, in art, in science, in finance, or in politics.

He reigns supreme in all things, and the basal stones of the structure of all thought are the fundamental truths of our existence, and our relations to God, to the past, to futurity, to the universe around us. As to these relations, scholarship helps us willingly; not merely reading the thoughts of others, but forming one's own. No man can be sure of his intellectual inferences whose beliefs rest entirely on another man's foundation. Mere tradition is spurious coin. Free inquiry, in a spirit of deep sin-

cerity, winging her way with her sister angel of humility into the profoundest depths and distances of space and time, may, by God's grace and blessing, reveal much of infinite and everlasting truth to us.

The human heart craves and yearns, with longing inexpressible, for knowledge seemingly denied to our blind and groping vision. We go forth at night amid the worlds, when our dazzling fountain of light is withdrawn to the antipodes. The wonderful gift is given us of looking with these eyes upon orbs removed from us by spaces only crossed by light in thousands of years. We are dumb in the presence of infinity, for we know not how far beyond worlds yet revolve in the eternal vista, and we believe that it is limitless. We wander around our planet and see the orbs on every side, and realize that we are hanging in the centre of endless space. We marvel. Where is heaven? The glories of clond and sunset are unrivaled and inconceivable, and we lift our bewildered eyes to the sky's infinite depths of tenderness and say, Surely there. Yet where in that boundless area? And where is hell? Can the abode of never-ending woe be among these crystal spheres? Or can it be below the crust of this our earth, cooling, drying, and ultimately changing into adamant? We reverently wonder, what is God? and tremble as we ask ourselves. A Spirit, a Force, a Power, Omnipresent, pervading everywhere; Omnipotent, creating and preserving all things; Omniscient, knowing all; Inconceivable. How can He be like ourselves? how can we, diminutive, feeble, ignorant mites on the surface of one of His smaller globes, be made in that image? What is the object of our insignificant being here? When this corruptible body yields up this marvelous life, this soul, this spiritual body, this sentient being, where will it go? Who will guide it thither? By what power can it propel itself to its destination? What is time? What is space? *Have they limits?*

These are questions that have been asked for ages, and having remained unanswered, the human mind, which craves an anchorage, has, for the most part, in that small percentage of mankind where Christianity prevails, at least, accepted an uninquisitive belief in certain writings which bear the impress of Divinity, as the

immovable rock upon which to build religious thought. I believe this is possible and safe ; and it may be best for mankind to rest content with a pastoral state of mind. But if there is to be free inquiry, if untrammelled thought is right, if civilization is desirable or culture obligatory, if higher education is not to be denounced as a snare of the tempter, then I do not believe the Pegasus of thought can be tamed to go in harness. We will wander into space and time in genuine quest of truth—not proudly, not iconoclastically nor recklessly, but humbly, reverently, and eagerly, desiring to know very fact.

If God had vouchsafed to us perfect and entire knowledge of all things, all premises being incontestable, logic would be simple and conclusions sure. And the nearer we come to a true knowledge intellectually of Him and of His truth as to all things in His creation, the clearer will be our intuitions, the more certain our inferences on all subjects which come under our cognizance. Now we err because “ we see in part ; ” “ but when that which is perfect is come, then shall we see, even as also we are seen ” by the Omniscient eye.

It is true, Job queried whether man, by searching, could “ find out God,” and King David averred that such knowledge was too wonderful for him ; it was high, he could not attain unto it ; and assuredly none of us can, beyond what He wills who has created us. Moreover, there are dangers as well as impossibilities in the path of the searcher after truth. There is danger of arrogance and of insincerity. Still, is it not possible and well, in humble submission to the limitations of the Great Spirit, to search with such earnestness as He may give each of us into the profoundest arcana in the abysses of His universe ?

I would apply, then, no other measure to the value of scholarship and culture in the field of politics than I would in any other field of thought or activity. They are all parts of the solemn and infinite reality of all things, linked together by the irrefragable chain of a common creation and cohesion.

There is, perhaps, a nearer approach to the Divine in politics, properly construed, than any other arena of thought ; so near that the voice of the people has been said, without intention of irreverence, to be the voice of God. I take it as uncontroverted by the

human race, at least, that man is nearer to the Divine than any other of His creatures. Shakespeare was credited with great knowledge of our human nature, and thus describes man : " How infinite in faculties ; in form and moving, how express and admirable ! In action, how like an angel ; in apprehension, how like a god ; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals ! " Young calls him " a worm, a god," and " Midway from nothing to the Deity ! " and Thomas Carlyle says, " We are the miracle of miracles, the great inscrutable mystery of God." Man is manifestly the top of creation in complexity of physical organism, in power of reasoning, in versatility of resources, in mastery over the rest of creation. Infinitely below the eternal source of his being, therefore, as he is, he is yet as immeasurably beyond the nearest approach to him in the creation, as the nearest fixed star is beyond the outermost planet of our system.

Of how great importance, then, is the science of his proper government, systematizing his capacities, and bringing them into the most effective subjection to the ultimate objects of his existence in the Divine mind ! To a proper conception of what this system of government should be, a just conception of these ultimate objects is of the last importance. What is man ? What was his origin ? What future development is in store for him ? What will be the final destination of the race ? What are man's relations to the eternal Author of his being, whom we are told he resembles ?

Dogma is abundant on some of these points. Traditions are not wanting. Imagination has been busy about them. The writings of holy men who spake as they were moved by the Almighty Spirit partially lift the veil. Analogy aids us in realizing facts hard to accept unscen. Yet how few reflect on these things, or base theories of government on theories of soul.

On this great subject of how communities of men should be governed, what constitutes the best system and the wisest modes of using it, what should be the relations of different communities, one to another, there is a diversity of views as varied as the prismatic shades. Secularly the Russian view and that of the King of Dahomey, and spiritually the Roman view, ignore

the equal relation of all men to their Maker ; they recognize some mysterious, we may as well at once say false, preference Divinely given to certain individuals over their fellows, by which the former are held warranted in directing, instructing, and controlling the remainder. In the blaze of modern scholarship this unreal dogma is fast melting away. For what is the pearl of great price which scholarship is seeking, and with the value of which she condescends to aid the politician, but TRUTH itself—the truth as to all things, the very truth, the fact, that which the Divine mind knows, and the mind of man gropes after and knows in part? For, after all, and with all these boasted faculties, how can we, microscopic parasites on this little ball of earth, with eyes turned toward its surface, how can we know much? From our earthward aspect we look great indeed ; and, like the world, we hang in space, with the microscope below us and the telescope above ; but seen from above, how infinitely small ! Our proportions to the amazing, bewildering universe we audaciously strive to penetrate are infinitesimal. But the truth exists, eternal, immutable, invincible, yet attainable, through the gift of Him who created us, far beyond anything we could ask or think.

And it is this abstract TRUTH, so bound together in Him who comprehends it all, which scholarship, according to the measure of her own attainment, ministers fitly to all who seek her aid.

Let the politician not despise it. “Take fast hold of instruction ; let her not go ; keep her ; for she is thy life.”

True culture has no other aim and no other value than this, that it increases the certainty of the premises upon which all conclusions are based.

Man is the highest of created beings. His proper government, therefore, is one of the loftiest themes for thought and reasoning :

Politics is the science of human government :

It follows, that in politics true culture has a most important part to play ; and that while Statesmanship should seek the help of Culture, Culture should on her part set herself sedulously to the perfecting of Statesmanship.

A GREETING.

BY EDWARD R. WOOD.

Hail to you, comrades! Through half a century
 Of struggle, success, and eke misadventure,
 We meet to renew the steps of our progress.
 Logonians! hail! In the times that are past
 We have kept to the front, and, nailed to the mast,
 We floated our colors. Them now we address.

Century halved with what great deeds of men!
 Greatly the world has moved. Fitly we then
 Here for a moment pause to consider:
 What millions freed from slavery's chains!
 What millions more from their lusts, and again,
 Cleau-handed, facing God, the Provider!

Not for itself alone did the great German
 Fatherland clang together in arms, nor ran
 Italy's swift spirit, welding with fire
 Her classic hills for Italy's self alone;
 But that, with men regenerate, Thought, new sown,
 Might into Life grow better and higher.

Africa now to the world awakes again,
 Out from the darkness gazing; bearing the pain,
 With shrinking eyes, of such new human light,
 Bringing to all the world, out of the sea
 Of the past, powers that have freshened while she
 Slept with the Pharaohs through æons of night.

But not in the storm of war does man attain
 His fullest power or mark his greatest gain.
 Unlimited now by time or by space,
 Man speaks to his fellows, shredding the lightning,
 Yoking the cosmic powers, and tightening
 His grasp on nature, the nurse of his race.

Hid are the confines o'er which thought-forces surge—
 Long is the strife from which Truth may emerge
 Freshly to light, from the sharp contest's rage.
 To us who inherit the labors of Penn,
 The culture of Logan, to us amoug men,
 Such contests are fitting. There let us engage.

Friends! Pardon, if I with too serious lay,
 All unseemly disturb the joy of the day.
 Whatever the future, veiled goddess, may bring,
 Of this we are sure, of this I may sing,—
 The memories old renewed in the grasp
 Of hands that for years we have waited to clasp!

Of love that has grown with each lengthening day,
 Of thoughts backward flown, from each step of the way,
 (As we through our share of the century have moved,
 Not less than as now, when we meet our beloved,)
 To the old yellow walls, where the ivy doth cling,
 Loganian comrades! and to you do I sing.

A MODERN HINDU REFORMER.

BY CHARLES WOOD.

"Ten years ago the most influential religious teacher in India was Keshub Chunder Sen," said an officer in the English civil service to me, as we were crossing the Indian Ocean and were waiting for our first glimpse of Bombay.

Religious influence in India means as much as in Scotland. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, religion of some sort holds undisputed sway. The power of England is not comparable to it. It was the mere suspicion, so it is generally believed, that their faith was about to be tampered with that aroused both Hindu and Mohammedan into such a frenzy of hate against the English that the mutiny of 1857 failed only through lack of leadership from becoming a successful revolution.

The people of India are naturally religious. They have always been ready either to fight or to die for their faith.

The Ganges has been reddened as often as the Rhine with blood shed in religious wars. On the great plains of India, battles as cruel as Germany saw in her Thirty Years' War have been repeatedly fought. To-day, if there were no strong-handed government to hold them apart, Hindu and Mohammedan would rush upon each other in the madness of religious hate, or, burying their animosities for a moment in an intenser hatred, they would combine against their common enemy, the Christian.

For a teacher of religion under thirty-five to attain in such a country to a position of such marked prominence is a phenomenon. It is still more remarkable that this position was reached, not by a leader of any of the old powerful religious parties, whether Hindu, Mohammedan, or Christian, but by the founder, or at least the acknowledged interpreter, of a new religion in opposition, more or less marked, to each of these three parties.

Keshub Chunder Sen is a disciple neither of Moses nor Buddha, nor Zoroaster nor Mohammed nor Christ. He calls himself by none of these names; he is an apostle of the new dispensation; he is the bringer in—so he believes—of a new epoch to India and humanity.

Why may it not be? All the ancient religions were once new. They were all born in the Orient. India herself was the first to hear the infant cries of Sakyamuni, the first to heed his teaching, and the first, too, to forget it. Why may she not, even in the last half of the nineteenth century, have given birth to another as great as the great Buddha himself? The hour is ripe. The old is passing away. Buddha is dead. Brahma and Mohammed are not revered as they once were. The Hindu laughs heartily with you over the hideous puerility of the idol worship from which he has just come, and to which he will probably tomorrow return. India has need of a new dispensation, and some fifty years ago a few of her leading spirits began to organize a reform which has resulted at least in the establishment of a new Church—the Brahmo Somaj.

“At first,” says Chunder Sen, “this Brahmo Somaj to which I belong was simply a Church for the worship of the one true

God according to the doctrines and ritual inculcated in the earliest Hindn Scriptures." For the time the members of this Church held to the infallibility of the Vedas; "bnt," continues Sen, "the Brahmo Somaj, because it was the work of God, could not but break with the Vedas as soon as they were found to contain errors." The Brahmo Somaj, released from the nature worship and absurdities of the Vedas, became a pure theistic Church, "the centre," says Sen, "of a moral, social, and religious reformatiou.

"In the Brahmo Somaj," he adds, "we see concentrated all those great, urgent, and pressing reforms which India needs at the present moment. Is it the amelioration of the condition of women that India wants? Look at the Brahmo Somaj, and you see already are gathered in some of its chapels ladies who have discarded idolatry, superstition, and caste altogether; who have learned to pray in their own houses unto the one true God, and have set their faces boldly against every form of polytheism and idol worship, and some of whom have published most beautiful theistic verses and hymns.

"Is it the distinctions of caste that are to be leveled? You see among the Brahmos a good number of valiant and brave men who not only dine with men of all classes, irrespective of the distinctions of color, caste, and creed, but who have promoted intermarriages between members of different castes. The high-caste Brahman has accepted as his wife a low-caste Sudra, and *vice versa*."

This monothcism is certainly immensely superior to the idolatrous worship which one may still see everywhere in the Hindu temples of India.

These women of the Brahmo Somaj, praying to the one true God and singing the theistic hymns which they themselves have composed, have indubitably a vastly superior type of religion to that of their sisters of Benares and of Calcutta as well, who, with their little copper vessels filled with water, go from temple to temple, pouring out libations not only to hideous idols, but also to obscene symbols.

These "valiant and brave men," dining with all colors, castes, and creeds, are incomparably nobler specimens of human-

ity than their brethren who would not touch a Sudra with the tip of one of their fingers to save his life or his soul, and who would consider themselves, the poorest, wretchedest, and dirtiest of them, disgraced forever if they should eat with the Viceroy, or even with the Empress of India, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Any Church that can show such fruits has no need to bring forward other *raisons d'être*.

That Keshub Chunder Sen should have found his way into a Church of this sort is the most natural thing in the world. How it came about was explained by Lord Laurence, once Viceroy of India, at a great meeting of welcome given to Chunder Sen on his arrival in England in the spring of 1870. "Our guest," said Lord Laurence, "is a Hindu gentleman of respectable and well-known lineage. His grandfather was the associate and coadjutor of one of the most profound Sanskrit scholars in this country. Left an orphan in his youth, he was placed by his uncle in an English school, and afterward was graduated in the college at Calcutta, where he gained a thorough knowledge of English language, literature, and history.

"It was impossible that, with this knowledge, he could remain an idolater. Early in his career he learned to despise the worship of idols, and by degrees, by thought, by reflection, and prayer, he learned to believe in one God. He then joined a party known in Lower Bengal as the Brahmo Somaj, who worship Brahma, the creator. After a short time he became the head of a reforming party among those reformers, so that in Keshub Chunder Sen they saw the representative of the most advanced section of the great reforming party which was rising in Bengal.

"That such a man, so eager for light, should not have become a Christian, may at first glance seem very strange; but the Hindu has always looked upon Christianity as the religion of his conquerors; it is almost inseparably associated in his mind with English cannon and English soldiers. It has come to him as something foreign and Occidental. The Christian convert suffers more, socially, than the Brahminist or Mohammedan or the member of the Brahmo Somaj. These are reasons

sufficient, if there were no others, why Chunder Sen should have cast in his lot with the theistic rather than the Christian Church.

"For the last ten years he has been the leading spirit—it would not be an exaggeration to say the Pope—of the Brahmo Somaj. The form of its development is due to him rather than to any other member, or perhaps, to all the other members combined. He is the pastor of the church in Calcutta and the editor of the weekly newspaper published by the Society."

It is next to impossible to determine accurately the creed of an organization that has no written confession of faith, no infallible books, no authoritative articles. But as Keshub Chunder Sen always speaks *ex cathedra*, we might form some idea of what the theistic Church is from his own utterances were it not that he always speaks, so he himself tells us, as an Oriental, in tropes and figures.

He can cry, in an address to the Brahmo Somaj, in the Town Hall of Calcutta, on its fifty-first anniversary, "Blessed Jesus, I am Thine. I give myself, body and soul, to Thee. If India will revile and persecute me, and take my life-blood out of me, drop by drop, still, Jesus, Thou shalt continue to have my homage. Son of God, I love Thee truly!"

But he can say also in the address: "Christ's dispensation is said to be divine. I say that this dispensation—the Brahmo Somaj—is equally divine."

With his missionaries he can go on pilgrimages, as he calls them, in the "worship-room" of his own house or in his study, "where, surrounded by book-shelves loaded with the wisdom of ages, and in the midst of literary associations, they communed with Socrates." The following saints were visited on the dates specified against their names:

Moses, 22d February; Socrates, 7th March; Sakya, 14th March; The Rishis, 21st March; Christ, 8th August; Mohammed, 19th September; Chaitanya, 26th September; Scientific men, 3d October.

"Before the flag of the new dispensation," cries this broadest of Broad Churchmen, "bow, ye nations, and proclaim the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man. In blessed Eucharist let us eat and assimilate all the saints and prophets of the world.

"Thus shall we put on the new man and say : The Lord Jesus is my will, Socrates my head, Chaitanya my heart, the Hindu Rishi my soul, and the philanthropic Howard my right hand."

The doors of this modern Pantheon stand always wide open. There is room enough within for all heroes and prophets, if not for all gods. The Brahmo Somaj is an attempt to render equal service to many masters.

I went, one hot afternoon last May, to call upon Keshub Chunder Sen at his home in Calcutta. I had heard that he was in "retirement"—such was the term used—and might refuse to see any one, and, mistaking at first the house where he once lived for his present residence, a tall, stout, Indian Baboo, of whom I made inquiries as he was about stepping into his palanquin, turned upon me rather sharply and said, "May I ask why you wish to see Chunder Sen?" To which question, considering my nationality, there could be but one appropriate reply, "May I inquire why you ask?" "Oh!" answered the Baboo, "I am a relative, and I doubt if he will see you; but I will with pleasure direct you to his house."

A comfortable European house it was, somewhat better even than most American societies provide for their missionaries, though they are nearly always of good size and appearance, as they should be. I took it for granted, though foreign missionaries do not live ordinarily in native houses, that an Indian reformer would have a purely Indian home, but this reformer has been to Europe, has associated more or less all his life with Europeans, and has gradually and almost necessarily substituted Occidental comfort for Oriental simplicity.

I was shown into just such a drawing-room as one might find in almost any of the smaller London houses, with the one exception of a large tiger-skin stretched upon the floor, which did service as a rug. Almost immediately, Keshub Chunder Sen entered; he was a tall, well-formed man, with a tendency to over-stoutness; coffee-colored skin, eyes of the deepest black, and flashing with fire; a handsome face of the Eastern sort, full of animal life and passion, yet the face of a possible mystic; long, delicately-formed hands, such as men of the West rarely, if ever, possess. A good type of the Oriental, dressed, too, as a native

gentleman—a long, loose, toga-like garment, lighter than any fabrics used by us, supplied the place of the much more numerous and much less comfortable and graceful articles which make up the ordinary costume in every country of Europe.

His welcome was very cordial. He said nothing about his “retirement,” but began at once to ask the usual questions which are put to all travelers in English as pure and grammatical as one would hear in Oxford or Cambridge, though without that certain accent or inflexion of the voice which one rarely finds except among native-born Englishmen. He spoke with perfect freedom and with that openness of manner which invited questioning.

When I asked if a member of the Brahmo Somaj would ever speak of himself as a Christian, he said, with a smile, “Oh! no; that is a term of narrowness; the Christian must hate” (I wondered from what sources he had formed this idea) “the Hindu and the Mohammedan, but we honor all. Christ is to us the greatest, His life is the purest, but He is only *primus inter pares*.” Remembering what I had heard about his retirement, I inquired if asceticism found any place in their system. “Not with the meaning which is ordinarily given to that word,” was his reply. “We believe in and advocate the greatest simplicity of life, we live on alms, we eat no meat, and there are times when we go into the wilderness to be alone for days.”

Then he showed me a picture of himself and his wife seated on the tiger-skin which was under our feet, spread apparently on some hill-top of sand in a barren Indian desert. He held in his hand (so the picture represented him) the *ektara*, an instrument of a single string, the only one, I believe, ever used by the Brahmo Somaj. “We sometimes spend hours in that position,” he said, “communing with the Infinite.”

“Do you believe,” I asked, “in modern revelations?” It was somewhat generally thought in Calcutta, I had found, that whenever Keshub Chunder Sen’s authority was questioned by the Brahmo Somaj, he had the habit of falling back upon a revelation just received as the motive and authority of his action. “Certainly,” he said; “God has not become dumb; He speaks now as of old.” “You have missionaries?” I said. “Oh! yes;

we are sending them into nearly every part of India, and they are meeting everywhere with good success." "But," I asked, "what if one of these men should say, I have had a revelation to go to Allahabad when the Church wishes him to work in Trichinopoly?"

"He would be forced to yield," was the reply. "We should not believe in a revelation of that sort, in opposition to the opinion of the whole Church."

"This might lead," I suggested, "to schisms. Have you ever had any divisions into parties in the Somaj?" "Yes," he answered; "within a very short time there has been one of a somewhat serious nature. It resulted in part from the marriage of my daughter, of which you may have heard something."

One can scarcely mention Keshub Chunder Sen or the Brahmo Somaj anywhere in India without being told the story of this marriage, and in a more or less incorrect form, so that I was very glad to have him speak of it of his own accord and to hear from his own lips the truth of the matter.

It was a rather romantic story, and one that could not fail to excite sympathy as well as interest. The marriage of children has long been general in India. I was present one evening at a wedding, when a boy of six was married to a girl of four.

The boy must become a man before he takes his wife to his home, but if he should die in the meantime, the child whom he ceremonially married must always remain a widow.

Latterly, the more thoughtful have come to look upon these early marriages as among the greatest of evils. One of the obligations which members of the Brahmo Somaj took upon themselves was not to marry their daughters till they had reached the age of sixteen.

A few years ago a Maharajah, or prince, was left an orphan, and became necessarily a ward of the English Government. His property was cared for, and his education—a very careful one—seen to by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. This young Maharajah of Kuchberge became one of the best known characters in Calcutta, and was universally liked, both by the natives and Europeans.

It was thought wise for him to travel in Europe, but it was

more than probable that if he undertook the journey unmarried he would return with a European wife, and this would injure his influence over his future subjects. The English Government wished him to be married at once, and, on looking around for a wife suitable for their ward, they decided to make proposals for the hand of the daughter of Keshub Chunder Sen. It was a great temptation, a real Indian prince, and called by the English the best of them all. It was too great a temptation to be resisted, and a few months before the young lady had reached her sixteenth birthday she was married to the Maharajah, with the condition that she was not to be taken to his home till his return from Europe.

Even the Europeans considered the marriage unobjectionable, but the members of the Brahmo Somaj moved a court of inquiry into the conduct of their minister, and, in spite of his assurance that he had received a direct revelation from heaven that this marriage was right and proper, a large number withdrew from the Brahmo Somaj and organized a reformed Somaj of their own.

Keshub Chunder Sen answered to Dr. Johnson's definition of a remarkable man, for few could pass even the English philosopher's meagre allowance of time with him without feeling that he was possessed of extraordinary powers.

One of the Lessing-like seekers after truth, he seemed to be, who would have said with the author of *Laocöon*, "If God held all truth in His right hand, and in His left only the everlasting search after truth, I would bow humbly to His left hand and say, Father, give ; keep the truth for Thyself alone." His untimely death within the last month will probably be a fatal blow to the theistic Church in the form of the Brahmo Somaj.

REMINISCENCES.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.

At the last moment I find it impossible to be with you on the 21st. I had promised myself great pleasure in meeting the members of the Loganian Society, and in addressing a few words

of greeting to them. And now, in lieu of this, what shall I do? Well, I will do what seems to be the next best thing; I will imagine you all assembled in Alumni Hall. I shall be with you in spirit, if not in the flesh. The scene is vividly before me. Called upon to speak, I rise to respond, and these are my words to the friends whom I ask to think that they are listening to the sound of my voice:

My friends, my brothers (if you will let me call you so): As I stand before you to-night, a representative (so to speak) of the fifty years of the existence of this Society, of which I was one of the original members, recollections of the past, the long, long past, force themselves upon me with a power that is overwhelming. My heart is so oppressed with the conflicting emotions of joy and sadness as I draw the contrast between the then and now, and recognize the changes which time has impressed upon us all, that it is with difficulty I can give expression to my feelings.

Of course, I cannot but feel joy at being once more within the walls that sheltered my boyhood, the walls within which I received the moral and intellectual training which was to fit me for the battle of life upon which I was about to enter. Oh! the happy days of boyhood! how the memory of them, though *they* lie buried fifty years in the past—how the memory of them comes like a refreshing shower over the worn spirit of the man of advanced years. Yes, there is joy in all this. But when I look around for my old classmates, and look in vain for so many of them, and the reality is borne in upon me that they have gone to the land from which there is no return, and that their faces shall be seen here no more, then, indeed, is this day of joy turned into a day of sadness. And when I remember, too, that of all the beloved preceptors who were with us when this Society was organized, but one is left, how can it be but that sorrow should mingle with my rejoicing? With a heartfelt acknowledgment of the lasting debt of gratitude we owe to them, I am glad to be here to-night to bear my testimony to the fidelity with which they discharged their duties, and to record my conviction that they are now reaping the reward of the good.

Fifty years! how almost impossible it is to realize it. What

a record of wonderful changes and progress is before us in the history not only of our land, but in that of all other lands. Bear with me for a moment while I indulge in a brief retrospect.

I remember well that while a student at Haverford, on the occasion of my return home at one of our vacations, I was a passenger in the first train which passed over the second railroad built in the United States—that from Bordentown to Perth-Amboy. This was, I think, in the year 1834; and now, in 1884, there are one hundred and twenty thousand miles of railroad within our borders.

Just about this time, too, Professor Morse completed the first line of telegraphic communication in the country—from Baltimore to Washington—and now under the auspices of that *noble* (?) New York institution, the Western Union Telegraph Company, the whole land, from north to south, and east to west, is a complete network of wires.

The ocean's bed, too, has been called into service, and beneath the surging billows cables have been stretched from continent to continent, encircling the entire globe, and bringing us into immediate communication with its remotest regions.

Then came the telephone, that marvel of marvels, by the instrumentality of which one can converse with a person at the distance of miles, just as though he were sitting at one's side, and through which, it is safe to say, that we shall ere long hold converse with our friends on the other side of the water.

During this period, too, our beloved country has passed through the throes of a mighty rebellion, out of which, thanks be to God, she emerged purer and stronger than ever before—stronger, because her strength, which had by some been considered problematical, was then demonstrated beyond question, and purer, because she was then purged of a sin whose blackness darkened the face of the whole land.

I have referred to some of the more prominent scientific developments of the age, because they have been such potent factors in modifying the civilization of the world at large, and I think it must be evident to every reflecting mind that they are to be *the* potent factors in the rapid dissemination of the Gospel among all the peoples of the earth.

These developments of science, though material in their nature, have, if we look at the source from which they come and the results to which they tend, a powerful spiritual significance.

Sometimes when I think seriously (and we are not apt to give much serious thought to things which have become so familiar); but when I think seriously of these signs and wonders of the times, I am almost inclined to look upon them as the foreshadowing of the approach of the end of all things.

But I am occupying too much of your time with my desultory remarks, and I will bring them to a close by thanking you, gentlemen of the Loganian Society, for the kind invitation which has given me the opportunity of making them.

May the Society prosper in the future as it has in the past. May the members of to-day, under its auspices and influence, grow up into a pure and noble and intellectual manhood, which shall make their life in this world a fitting precursor of the life which is to come.

God bless you all, my friends and brothers! God bless our Alma Mater! and may she, for generations to come, send forth from her sheltering arms citizens worthy of God's commonwealth.

